

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number:—Reviews: Tales of To-Day; or, Modern Facts, 657; the Beauties of Wiltshire, 659; The Slave Trade of Great Britain; or, a Picture of Negro Slavery drawn, 661; Moore's Life of Sheridan, 662—Original: Proposed Alterations around St. Paul's, 667; Conspiracy of the Jesuits against Queen Elizabeth and James I., 668—Original Poetry: Sunset on the Sea Shore, 671; Sonnet to my Sister, 671; On Christian Names, 671.—The Drama, 671.—Literature and Science, 672.—The Bee, 672.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tales of To-Day; or, Modern Facts. Containing Narratives of the most Extraordinary Occurrences of recent Date.* With Engravings. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

THE *Tales of To-Day* consist of an interesting selection of entertaining facts and extraordinary narratives of recent date, mostly gleaned from the newspapers and publications of the year. In making the selection, a strict attention has been paid to exclude everything approaching indelicacy, and the work may, therefore, be safely intrusted in the hands of females or youth. The collection possesses great variety; there are 'hair-breadth scapes' from prison and other disasters; an account of 'the cannibals that each other eat,' in New South Wales; 'moving accidents by flood,' in the inundation of St. Petersburg; 'disastrous chances,' such as the burning of the Kent Indiaman, &c. Then we have tales (facts) of piracy and murder; the case of Fauntleroy; the lion-fight at Warwick (which, by the by, the editor should not have inserted without reprobation); the coronation of Charles the Tenth (not worth recording); the living skeleton; the tunnel under the Thames, &c. The work commences with a very meagre account of English newspapers, which ought to have been better done, or omitted altogether; the only part worth notice, we quote, presuming it is correct, though we should have been better pleased had the editor given us the names of the papers whence his advertisements have been taken:—

"In peaceable times, the conductor of a newspaper, at the close of the seventeenth century, bore no resemblance to the military partisan of Oliver Cromwell's time, or to the literary chief of a modern establishment. The editor of a journal, who was also generally its printer and publisher, must have been more like a broker or auctioneer of the present day, than any character now known in connection with the diurnal or weekly press. This will be proved by the following advertisements, extracted from a newspaper in 1697, which have never till now been published:—

"If any Hamburg or other merchant, who shall deserve £200 with an apprentice, wants one, I can help."

"One has a pert boy, about ten years old, can write, read, and be very well recommended; she is willing he should serve some lady or gentleman."

"I want a cook-maid for a merchant."

"I sell chocolate made of the best nuts, without spice or perfume, and with vinelloes and spice, from four to ten shillings the

pound, and I know them to be a great helper of bad stomachs, and restorative to weak people, and I'll ensure for their goodness."

"If any will sell a free estate, within thirty miles of London, with or without a house, to the value of £100 the year, or thereabout, I can help to a customer."

"If any have a place belonging to the law, or otherwise, that is worth £1000 or £1200, I can help to a customer."

"If any divine, or their relicts, have complete sets of manuscript sermons upon the epistles and gospels, the church catechism, or festivals, I can help to a customer."

"A fair house in Eastcheap, next to the Flower-de-liz, now in the tenure of a smith, with a fair yard, laid with free stone, and a vault underneath, with a cellar under the shop, done with the same stone, is to be sold: I have the disposal of it."

"I believe I could furnish all the nobility and gentry in England with valuable servants, and such as can have very good recommendation."

"Mr. David Rose, surgeon and man-midwife, lives at the first brick house on the right hand in Gun Yard, Houndsditch, near Aldgate, London. I have known him these twenty years."

"I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow-chandler."

"If any want all kind of necessities for corps, or funerals, I can help to one who does assure me he will use them kindly; and whoever can keep their corps till they can send to London, and have a ready-made coffin sent down, may afterwards have them kept any reasonable time."

"About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, has had such success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery, to the degree of exactness. His price is £10 or £11 the year, with a pair of sheets, and one spoon; to be returned, if desired: coaches and other conveniences pass every day within half a mile of the house; and 'tis but an easy day's journey to or from London."

"I know of several men and women whose friends would gladly have them match'd; which I'll endeavour to do, as from time to time I shall hear of such whose circumstances are likely to agree; and I'll assure such as will come to me, it shall be done with all the honour and secrecie imaginable. Their own parents shall not manage it more to their satisfaction; and the more comes to me, the better I shall be able to serve 'em."

From the above, it will be seen, that the advertisers were not in the habit of giving their addresses, but the editor was to do all that was necessary. He engaged to get places, to hire or let houses, to sell all sorts of commodities, and last, not least, to make love for his customers. It would be difficult to find an editor of the present day competent to undertake such various negotiations.

The following extraordinary instance of fanaticism, is avowedly translated from a work entitled 'Narrative of the Atrocities committed in the canton of Zurich, in 1823, by a fanatical Association.' If we mistake not, the account appeared in *The Morning Herald*, a paper which occasionally presents many curious literary articles, but manifests too strong a *penchant* for foreign atrocities:—

In the northern part of the canton of Zurich is a little village, or hamlet, named Weldensbuch, the inhabitants of which, amounting to about five and twenty families, are employed in agriculture. Amongst these, the family of Jean Peter was considered to be the most prosperous and happy, until the deplorable event which has plunged them in misery and ignominy. Marguerite Peter, aged twenty-eight years, one of the six children of Jean Peter, had acquired for some years back, amongst the fanatics of the country, a reputation for sanctity. She was considered a woman endowed with supernatural knowledge, and intrusted with a mission from Heaven to resume the torch of faith. Her natural enthusiastic temperament had been excited and nourished by the preachings of certain itinerant missionaries, to such a pitch as to give her, in the ignorant eyes of those around her, an air of inspiration. By this means, she had insensibly acquired a most unbounded influence over her father, her brothers, sisters, and servants; and had even succeeded in forming numerous assemblies of persons of both sexes and all ages, who, in these pious orgies, delivered themselves up to the most revolting practices that folly and superstition can suggest. On the 12th of March, 1823, at seven o'clock in the morning, the neighbours of Jean Peter were surprised to find, contrary to his usual early habits, his house closed, and the windows carefully blinded on the inside. On approaching, they heard a noise, as if proceeding from violent blows of a hatchet, mingled with the confused cries of various persons, and, at length, they heard the following exclamation—"Invoke all the angels above! Invoke all the holy prophets! Implore the aid of all the seraphims! Courage—strike! It is a villain—it is a murderer—strike vigorously!" These strange sounds and exclamations continued until two o'clock, and



were succeeded by a perfect silence, which lasted until nine o'clock in the evening, when the same sounds recommenced, and continued until midnight, when a profound silence again ensued. At ten o'clock the next morning, these lugubrious noises and exclamations again began, and the neighbours could distinctly hear the blows of hatchets as they were struck against the beams and posts of the house. At two o'clock, the noise became so loud and furious, particularly from the upper story, that all the inhabitants of the village gathered round the house; but none of them dared to approach, from fear of a formidable watch-dog, chained near the door. At half past seven o'clock, the noise ceased, but recommenced at midnight with redoubled violence. From Peter's bedchamber the voices of men and women were heard, crying out, "Have pity on us! succour us, God, all powerful! deliver us—strike—it is a villain," &c. After in vain summoning those inside to open the door, the baillie ordered one of the windows to be burst in: and on a light being introduced through it, there were seen five men leaning against the door to prevent it being forced open; a man, apparently dead, was lying on his face on the floor; a groupe of men and women lying upon each other near the door, and, close to them, a woman upon her knees, who was slapping, with the palm of her hand, the body of the man stretched on the floor, and exclaiming, at each slap, "Have pity, have pity!"

"On the door being forced open, the men, urged on by the women, endeavoured to resist the gendarmes, whilst Marguerite Peter continued to slap a woman near her, crying out—"Have pity, Lord!" Two men and two women were then discovered lying in such a manner upon the ground, that the head of a man was in the lap of a woman, and the head of a woman in the lap of a man. The gendarmes being ordered to lead Peter out of the room, the men and women joined in resisting them; but when, in spite of their efforts, he was brought out to the porch of the house, they all hung upon him, drew him to the ground, and formed a circle round him, all closely hugging and embracing each other. When Peter attempted to answer the questions of the magistrate, his daughter Marguerite raised her voice and said to him—"Father, do not answer him, continue only to pray." She then added—"Let us die. I shall quit this life like Christ." The others chimed in with a "Lord deliver us! Lord have pity on us!" The baillie, seeing that it was in vain to attempt bringing them to reason at that moment, ordered them to be left in the porch of their house, and told the crowd to retire, gendarmes being placed in front of the house. At four o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 14th, they appeared to be somewhat calmed, and, at their request, were permitted to enter the house. This was, however, only a deceitful calm, for, on their being left alone, Marguerite Peter ordered the prayers to recommence; to prevent, as she said, "Satan getting the victory over Jesus Christ." These prayers were continued without interruption,

till about seven o'clock on Saturday morning. At ten o'clock, the same day, a great number of persons, many of whom had been specially sent for by Marguerite, had assembled in the house. Marguerite made them ascend into one of the upper rooms, and there declared to them, in a prophetic tone, that "the day was at hand when blood should be shed for the salvation of a multitude of souls, and that there was not a moment to be lost, if they wished to snatch the victory from Satan." "I see," added she, "the ghost of my grandmother, who reveals to me, that, in order to save the souls of my father and brothers, it is necessary that one of us should lay down his life. I myself am ready to give mine, in order to redeem with my blood the souls of several millions of the living and the dead." She concluded, by ordering those present to strike their breasts with their hands, which they accordingly did. After this exordium, she seized an iron mallet, and inflicted several blows with it upon her brothers, and upon Ursula Kundig and Moser. Their blood soon flowed in abundance, and the life of her brother had nearly paid the forfeit of the holy vigour with which she applied the mallet. He was hurried away from her devout fury in the arms of a female servant named Marguerite Jaeggli; Elizabeth Peter then offered herself as the first victim, upon which her sister Marguerite, and her friend Ursula Kundig, fell to striking her upon the head, until she expired under their blows. Her sister Susanna, and Henry Ernst, helped on the work of blood also with the handle of a large scissors, and a piece of timber torn from the partition. Marguerite then declared to those present, that her sister, though apparently dead, was alive in the spirit, and the Lord would not fail to recal her to visible life. Then, announcing her own resurrection as an approaching event, she commenced preparations for her own suffering.

"It may be asked, what was Peter, the father of the family, doing during these hideous scenes? He was in a room below stairs, very calmly occupied with his domestic affairs. He saw, with the utmost indifference, his son brought down bathed in blood, and in an apparently dying state, and he awaited, with great calmness, the dreadful catastrophe preparing above stairs; so completely had a stupid fanaticism stifled in his heart every natural sentiment. In the mean time, Marguerite seated herself upon the bed, on which was the still palpitating body of her sister, and commenced striking herself on the head with the iron mallet; but, not satisfied with her self-execution, she commands Ursula Kundig to take the fatal instrument and try her hand. This did not even content her, for she exclaimed, that, as she was the expiatory victim offered by Christ to his Father, for the ransom of several millions of souls, it was necessary that she should not only die, but die the death of the cross. At these words, Ursula and the others present shuddered; but she became indignant at their weakness, and said to her friend—"What, do you not wish to do anything for Christ? Take courage, strike; may God strengthen your arm!" At this command, Ursula re-

doubled her blows, and the blood, which soon followed in abundance, was received in a bucket. This was termed the precious pledge of the redemption of many. Marguerite then called for a razor, and told Ursula to scar her with it round the neck, and to make a crucial incision on her forehead. The trembling hand of Ursula at first refused the horrible office; but Marguerite aroused her courage, by saying, "May God strengthen your arm!—now is the moment of victory—the souls are ransomed, Satan is vanquished. I see him plunging into darkness."

"During the operation, she gave no signs of pain, nor uttered the slightest complaint, unless against the irresolution of her executioner. But all was not yet accomplished. She said that she must be crucified. "What fear you?" said she to those around her, on seeing them hesitate. "My hour is come; I am going to resuscitate my sister, and I myself shall come to life in three days." She then had some pieces of timber placed upon the bed in form of a cross. Upon these she laid herself, and, at her request, John Moser, Susannah Peter, and Ursula Kundig, commenced nailing her to the cross. Following her reiterated orders, they drove nails into her hands and feet, and into the articulation of her elbows, and through her breast; Marguerite, in the midst of these hellish operations, never uttering the slightest plaint. She only found fault with the want of vigour of her executioners. From time to time she exclaimed, "I feel no pain—be strong, in order that Jesus Christ may conquer." Thus fixed upon the cross, and so transpierced with nails that her body was but one wound, she cried, with a loud voice, "Rejoice you with me, that God may rejoice with you in Heaven!" and, at another moment, "As the woman in labour cannot retard the hour of her deliverance, so must my death-warrant be accomplished, in order that the souls yet in the power of Satan may be saved."

"To Conrad Moser, who endeavoured repeatedly to persuade her to put an end to her sufferings, she only replied, "Do what I command you." The crucifixion being completed, Marguerite told them to drive a nail into her heart, or to split her head. Ursula Kundig, who obeyed, most implicitly, the wishes of her friend, endeavoured to pierce her skull with a knife, but the point turning, she cried out in a kind of frantic transport, and looking at those near her with a wild and haggard air, "What! must I do everything myself? Will no one come to my aid?" Upon hearing this apostrophe, and after a fresh order from Marguerite, the youngest of the Mosers seized an iron mallet, and, aided by Ursula Kundig, soon broke to pieces the skull of the victim. A low moan announced to them that the horrible mystery was all at an end,—the unfortunate wretch had ceased to breathe. When the slaughter was over, and that the hellish excitement of the perpetration had subsided a little, some feeling of horror came over them. At the sight of the mutilated bodies, they shed tears in abundance, and evinced, if not remorse, at least inquietude. However, they soon re-assured themselves by the conviction

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that they had only performed the most sacred of duties, in obeying the inspired commands of one whose death was to bring salvation to thousands. All these individuals were taken up, and transferred to the prisons of Zurich, whither, also, the bodies of the victims were transported, and examined in the presence of several members of the tribunals, physicians, surgeons, and medical students. Never, probably, was there a more hideous spectacle than that offered upon this occasion, by these mutilated and mangled bodies, streaming with a thousand wounds, black and livid from numberless bruises and contusions. Near them were exposed the instruments of death, covered with clotted gore, and portions of flesh, brain, and blood. Eleven individuals were tried upon this occasion. Each of them addressed the court, and made a public avowal of their monstrous conduct. None of them were condemned to death. The sentence was, that they should be led through the streets in the day time, the bells ringing, to the Town Hall, and there hear the judgment of the court read; and thence they were to be conducted to the principal church, there to listen to a sermon analogous to the occasion; after which, they were to be confined in the house of correction—Ursula Kundig, for fourteen years; Conrad Moser, and John Peter, eight years; Susannah Peter and John Moser, six years; and the other four, three, two, and one year; and two of them only six months. They were to be put to labour proportioned to their ages, sex, and strength. The seven men were, moreover, declared to have lost their political rights for the rest of their lives. The house of Jean Peter was ordered to be razed to the ground, the materials sold for the benefit of the poor, with the exception of the timber and furniture of the room in which the murders were committed, and which were to be burned. It was, moreover, expressly forbidden ever to erect any building upon the site of the house of Jean Peter. The Cantonal Consistory was charged with looking to the support and condition of a child of Marguerite Peter, the fruit of an adulterous commerce with Jacques Morf.

The condemned heard their sentence with a resigned air, and with some signs of repentance. Ursula Kundig and Conrad Moser appeared grateful for the clemency used towards them; but old Peter seemed inconsolable, on hearing that his house was to be demolished. Since their confinement, they have behaved with decency and docility. Jacques Morf, the man by whom Marguerite Peter, the ill-fated heroine of this tale of horror, had a child, was a shoemaker. She seemed to have been devotedly attached to him. A part of one of her letters to him is as follows:—"Ah, why are you more dear to me than my mouth can utter? Why have I vowed so much to love you? The Friday after your departure I again ascended the hill where we took leave of each other. I kept my eyes for a long time fixed upon the spot where you live. I recognised the chalet of Kybourg. Since that moment I have often fallen into my delicious reverie."—And further on—"Oh, my soul! Oh, my beloved

child! Oh, child of love—yes, you are born of God, who is love himself. Nothing can tear thee from my tenderness; oh, thou that I love more than myself," &c. About ten days before the horrible sacrifice described, Marguerite Peter declared to her followers that she had a new revelation from Heaven, which warned her that Napoleon was about to revisit the earth for the purpose of scourging mankind; and that after him would come his son, the young Duke of Reichstadt, under the figure of the Son of God, and that he would be the real Anti-Christ; that she was called to combat him, and prevent him from becoming master of the world; that the signal for the great fight would shortly be given. This was the habitual text of her conversation during the late days of her life. Though the events at Weldensbuch excited only horror amongst the great majority of the public, yet were there many, both at Zurich and other parts of Switzerland, who talked of these monstrosities with transports of admiration. Numbers, from various parts, repaired to Weldensbuch; and one person, in the ardour of his zeal, was seen to scrape the blood from off the walls and furniture of the apartment, and bear it away as a sacred relic. Were it not for the wise precaution of the magistrates, in exposing the bodies of the victims to public view, their promised resurrection would have been soon spread through the country, and credited by the fanatics. The authors of the narrative state their regret at not being at liberty to expose to public indignation the measures put in practice to trouble the peace of the canton of Zurich, and excite a spirit of fanaticism here. This, they say, they have been interdicted from doing, and must confine themselves to stating, that the origin of this fanaticism is very recent, and may be dated from the period when certain travellers, well known for the exaltation of their religious doctrines, unfortunately chose Switzerland as their residence, and the theatre of their religious exhibitions.

This neat and interesting little volume is enriched with eight well executed copperplate engravings by Mr. R. Williamson, which enhance its value without materially increasing the price.

#### THE BEAUTIES OF WILTSHIRE.

(Concluded from p. 626.)

IN resuming our notice of Mr. Britton's work, we shall not indulge in a second exordium, but proceed at once to reap, not glean, from the harvest he has provided. At Littlecott House, about two miles west of Hungerford, the walls of the great hall are hung with numerous remains of ancient armour. This house belongs to a General Popham; it was anciently the property of the Darells, by one of whom it was sold to Judge Popham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;—he, of whom Fuller says, that, 'in his youthful days, was as stout and skilful a man at sword and buckler as any in that age, and wild enough in his recreations.' In describing this house, Mr. Britton relates a curious story:—

'Here is also an antique table, stretching almost from one end of the hall to the other,

and likewise a very curious arm-chair, which is said to have been used by Judge Popham. A pair of elk's horns, measuring seven feet six inches from tip to tip, likewise decorates this apartment. The picture gallery, which extends along the garden front of the house, one hundred and fifteen feet in length, contains numerous portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. Among them are portraits of Judge Popham and of Nell Gwyn, by Verelst.

'Some mysterious circumstances connected with the last of the Darell family, who resided at Littlecott, are still traditionally preserved in the neighbourhood, and the extraordinary tale of terror which they involve was a few years since extensively circulated in a note to Sir Walter Scott's popular poem of Rokeby. The substance of this narrative is as follows:—

'On a dark rainy night in November, an old midwife, who resided in Berkshire, was suddenly summoned to attend a lady in labour, for which she was told she should be liberally rewarded; but as secrecy was necessary, she must submit to be conveyed blindfolded to the place where her assistance was required. She consented, and a handkerchief having been bound over her eyes, she was mounted on horseback behind the person who came for her. After a long and rough journey, she was brought to a house, and led through many seemingly extensive apartments till she arrived at a room, in which, on her eyes being uncovered, she saw the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and also a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. After the lady was delivered, this man again made his appearance, and snatching the child from the midwife, threw it on a large fire, blazing in the chimney. The child, struggling amidst its torments, rolled from the flames upon the hearth. The man again seized it, and in spite of the entreaties of the midwife and the agonized mother thrust it under the grate, and destroyed it by heaping on it live coals. The midwife was then handsomely paid, and conveyed to her home in the same manner in which she had left it. Soon afterwards, the woman went before a magistrate, and disclosed the horrid deed she had witnessed. She had adopted two methods to identify the scene of the murder. While sitting at the bedside of her patient, she cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and brought it away with her, and she had also taken the precaution to count the steps of the stairs, down which she had been led blindfolded. Some suspicious circumstances attached to the conduct of the then owner of Littlecott House, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He was tried at the next Salisbury assizes; but, notwithstanding the evidence of the midwife, he escaped punishment, as is reported, by bribing the judge. His death, a few months after, owing to a fall from his horse, was considered as the judgment of Heaven, and the stile where the accident happened is still called Darell's Stile. This event must have taken place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.'

Avebury is celebrated for its ancient temple and earth works, on which there are va-



rious opinions. Mr. Britton has given an engraving of this monument or temple, as it is presumed to have been originally, and a description of its present state:—

'In the midst of a wide tract of generally flat country, bounded by a continued but irregular range of hills, at the distance of a mile on the east, by another range more lofty, about three miles to the south, and by rising grounds on the west and north is situated the village of Avebury; the greater part of which is encircled by a deep and wide ditch, and a lofty rampart, or, as Aubrey calls them, a graff and a vallum. Within the enclosure are some very large masses or blocks of stone, standing erect, whilst others lie on the ground. At some distance, to the south of the village, other stones are seen both erect and prostrate, and two more stand about half a mile west from the vallum. Masses of broken stones, which originally formed part of the monument, have been employed in constructing the houses and walls of the village; and modern economy and customs have, in other respects, infringed on the original arrangement of this venerable structure.

'In its entire state, this temple must have presented a very singular and imposing appearance. A large flat area of ground was surrounded by a deep ditch and a high mound of earth. That this entrenchment was not intended as a fortress against external attacks, is evident from the mound or vallum being placed on the outside of the ditch. The inner slope of the bank may, perhaps, have been prepared for the accommodation of an assembled concourse of people, who might thence witness the ceremonies or services performed within the enclosure, into which they were restrained from entering by the surrounding ditch. This notion is supported by the appearance of a terrace, or ledge, formed, about midway, between the bottom of the ditch and the top of the vallum: that may, however, have been merely the original surface of the ground left uncovered, between the outer edge of the ditch and the beginning of the rampart, formed by the excavated soil. The enclosure is of nearly a circular form, but irregular, and of vast extent, its diameter within the ditch being, at the widest part, about one thousand two hundred and sixty feet, from east to west, and the circumference, on the top of the vallum at least four thousand four hundred and forty-two feet: the area contains about twenty-eight acres and a half.

'Immediately within the ditch, and encompassing the whole area, was a continued series of large upright stones, one hundred in number, placed at nearly equal distances, about twenty-seven feet asunder, the general dimensions of which were from twelve to seventeen feet in height, above the ground, and from twenty to forty feet in circumference. At the time Aubrey penned his account of this circle, in 1663, there remained thirty-one of these stones in their erect position, but he does not notice those which had fallen. In 1722, when Dr. Stukeley wrote his description, eighteen of them were standing, and twenty-seven were thrown

down, or reclining: at present fifteen only remain, ten of which are standing, and five fallen. Towards the middle of the area were two double concentric circles, both having the same number of stones, similarly arranged. The exterior circles (in diameter about four hundred and sixty-six feet) were each formed by thirty stones of large dimensions, placed nearly equally distant the one from the other. The interior circles were composed of twelve stones of the like proportions, placed at equal intervals. Within the southernmost double circles was an upright stone of larger dimensions than any of the others, as it was more than twenty feet high, above ground. Within the northernmost circles was a group of stones, which has been variously termed a *kebla*, cove, cell, cromlech, and altar. It was formed of three stones standing perpendicularly, on the top of which, those who suppose they formed an altar imagine that a large flat stone was placed, by way of impost; but this is not probable. Near this, on the ground, lay a stone of considerable size, resembling that called the altar-stone of Stonehenge.

'There appears to have been originally two entrances, viz. from the south-east and from the west. These were approached by two avenues, each of which was formed by a double row of upright stones, extending from the circle about a mile and a half in length. Each of these rows consisted of one hundred stones, placed nearly equidistant from each other.

'One of these avenues, stretching south-east to Overton Hill, terminated in a double concentric circle, or oval, of stones of smaller dimensions than those already noticed: the outer range consisted of forty stones, most of which were about five feet high, and the inner of eighteen stones of a larger size. The diameter of the exterior circle, according to Stukeley, was one hundred and thirty-eight feet four inches, by one hundred and fifty-five feet six inches. The inner circle was forty-four feet eleven inches and a half, by fifty-one feet ten inches and a half diameter. Aubrey describes this avenue to have extended, in nearly a straight line, first towards the south, from the great circle to the London road, where it turned at an angle to the east; whilst Dr. Stukeley represents it as proceeding in a waving or serpentine line. The western avenue, consisting also of about two hundred stones, and extending the same distance from the temple, was terminated by a single stone, and, according to Dr. Stukeley, was the tail of the serpent. Near this end are some barrows, and about the middle of the avenue there were two large lofty stones, called the cove.'

Dr. Stukeley supposes this temple to have consisted originally of six hundred and fifty-seven stones; most of these have, however, been broken into pieces, and used as building materials, or to mend the roads. Mr. Britton quotes, at great length, the contradictory opinions of various writers, as to the origin of this temple, which, we have no doubt, was constructed by the Druids, for religious purposes; he also gives a good description of Earl Stoke Park, the seat of

G. Watson Taylor, with a catalogue of the most celebrated pictures in the gallery there:

'About three miles west of Earl Stoke, is the village of Edington, the church of which demands a particular examination, as it will excite the admiration of the architectural antiquary. It is a large, handsome, and truly interesting edifice, and if not wholly built by William de Edington, the celebrated bishop of Winchester, there can be little doubt but that the chancel was executed by him, when other parts of the building were adorned and renewed. The windows, niches, buttresses, pinnacles, &c. of the former, are very fine examples of the Christian architecture of the age when the bishop lived, and will be found to afford satisfactory evidence of being coeval with, and analogous to, the west front of Winchester Cathedral. The church consists of a nave, with corresponding aisles—a transept, with a tower at the intersection, a chancel at the east end, and a large lofty porch at the south side. Between the nave and south aisle is an altar tomb beneath a canopy, with a side door-way, &c. charged with ornamental tracery, shields, &c. In the south transept is another large and ancient monument, with an effigy, beneath a canopy, ornamented with tracery, shields, &c. The monogram T. B., and the figure of a tun, or cask, with a bolt, imply that it commemorates T. Bolton, who was a priest of the adjoining college of Bonhommes.

'William de Edington, a native of this place, founded a chantry or college here for a dean and twelve ministers, about the year 1347; but these, by desire of Edward the Black Prince, were changed, in 1358, to a sort of reformed friars, called Bonhommes, who were governed by a rector. In the 33d year of Henry VIII. the establishment was dissolved, and the site, &c. granted to Sir Thomas Seymour; and afterwards (3d of Edward VI.) the same was given to William Paulet, Lord St. John.

'According to Dugdale, the annual revenues of this college, at the time of the dissolution, amounted to £442. 9s. 7½d.; but Speed states their gross amount at £521. 12s. 5½d. annually.'

'Bishop Edington, as stated in the preceding page, was born in this village; but neither the year of his birth, nor the condition of his parents, appear to have been recorded. His early life is equally obscure; and we are only informed, by Godwin, that he was some time a student at Oxford, where, it appears, he attained a proficiency in all the scholastic learning of his age. Having acquired the acquaintance and favour of Edward the Third, who highly regarded him for his distinguished talents, he was, in April 1345, made treasurer of England; and in the following year, May the 14th, consecrated bishop of Winchester. This latter promotion was bestowed by papal provision, at the king's special desire, the monks having previously elected John le Devenith, one of their own body, to fill the vacant see; but, by way of compromise, he was made abbot of Canterbury. Whilst executing the office of treasurer, Bishop Edington, in 1350, caused a new coinage of groats and half-

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groats ("coyne," says Godwin, "not seen in England before," but, as Fuller quaintly remarks, "both readier for *change*, and fitter for *charity*,") to be made; but these, in order to supply the exigencies of government, were of less weight than their nominal distinction purported them to be, according to their sterling value. This laid the foundation of a practice, which being afterwards followed by succeeding princes, occasioned such a rise in the price of every kind of commodity as well as labour, that Godwin, writing in Queen Elizabeth's reign, says, "no marvell if things be solde for treble the price that they were three hundred yeeres agoe," since "five shillings hath now scarce so much silver in it as five groats then had."

In 1350, on the institution of the Order of the Garter, Bishop Edington was appointed the first prelate, or chancellor, of the order; a dignity which was to descend to all his successors, bishops of Winchester. In February, 1357, he was constituted chancellor of England; and about nine years afterwards, on the decease of Archbishop Islip, in April 1366, he was elected to the vacant metropolitan see, which he is stated to have refused, using (as the report goeth) this speech:—"Canterbury is the higher racke, but Winchester is the better manger." This reflection on the bishop's memory is not justified by what we know of the general munificence of his character; and the most probable reason is, that he declined the archiepiscopal pall in consequence of his advanced age and increasing infirmities: he died, indeed, in the same year, on the 8th of October, and was buried in the nave of Winchester cathedral, which he had begun to rebuild at his own expense, and he also bequeathed a considerable sum of money to proceed with the work.

Fuller, referring to Speed's Catalogue of Religious Houses in Wiltshire, says, "Some condemn him (Edington) for robbing Peter (to whom, with St. Swithin, Winchester church was dedicated), to pay All-Saints collectively, (to whom Edendon Convent was consecrated), suffering his episcopal palaces to decay and drop down, whilst he raised up his new foundation." He subjoins, with a sort of Hibernian *naïveté*: "This he *dearly paid for after his death*, when his executors were sued for dilapidations by his successor, William Wikeham (an excellent architect, and therefore well knowing how to proportion his charges for reparations), who recovered of them £1662. 10s.; a vast sum in *that age*, though paid in the lighter groats and half-groats. Besides this, his executors were forced to make good the standing-stock of the bishoprick, which in his time was impaired, viz.: oxen, 1556; weathers, 4117; ewes, 3521; lambes, 3521; swine, 127."

To the history, Mr. Britton has added a list of provincial words peculiar to Wiltshire, a catalogue of its monasteries, the date of their foundation and value; a list of the seats of noblemen and gentlemen, and of the eminent men Wiltshire has produced; local acts of Parliament, the geology of the country, and a catalogue of books, maps, and prints, connected with Wiltshire. The work is altogether a valuable one, and is highly credit-

able to the industry and taste of Mr. Britton. It appears, by a note, that—

"The custom of wassailing is still continued in North Wiltshire. A party of men assemble in the evening, and having obtained a cheese bowl, decorate it with two intersecting hoops covered with ribands, and proceed to the principal farm-houses, &c. of a parish, at the doors of which they sing the common wassailing song, after which they are generally regaled with strong beer and toast."

*The Slave Colonies of Great Britain; or a Picture of Negro Slavery*, drawn by the Colonists themselves. 8vo. pp. 164. London, 1825. Hatchard and Son.

As this pamphlet is an abstract of the various papers recently laid before Parliament on the subject of the slave-trade, of which we gave a copious analysis some weeks ago, much of the interest it would otherwise possess, has been anticipated in *The Literary Chronicle*: as, however, it gives the substance of numerous documents, too voluminous for ordinary perusal, and inaccessible as they are to the great body of the public, it is a work of considerable importance. It displays the odious traffic as it really exists, and as the colonists, who are made to describe their own system, admit it to exist,—the proofs of its iniquity being drawn from the colonial laws, from other colonial records of unquestionable authority, or from the evidence of colonial proprietors. What that system is we have already pointed out. To the analysis, the editor of this pamphlet adds some sensible observations on the folly of expecting that the colonial legislatures will ever reform the system or abolish slavery. In these observations, after noticing that the picture of colonial slavery which the analysis exhibits is that of the present day, and the laws are held forth as models of enlightened and beneficent legislation, the writer says:—

"We have heard much, it is true, of the improvement which has taken place in West-Indian legislation, and those who deny it have been charged with misrepresentation. But the public have now an opportunity of judging for themselves. In the ameliorated slave codes now brought before them, they will find the proof, the irrefragable proof, of the determined pertinacity with which the colonists cleave to the worst errors, and most revolting deformities of their system.—That such would be the result of a reference of this great question to the decision of the colonial assemblies, we never doubted for a moment. We had been instructed by the wisdom and philosophy of many great authorities, as to the hopelessness of any benefit from such a course; and we had the still more impressive lessons of experience to convince us that we could expect nothing from it but disaster, disappointment, and delay. Our opinions on the subject have never been more admirably or accurately expressed, than they were by Mr. Canning, in a speech on the slave trade made by him in 1799. "Trust not," says that enlightened statesman, making the sentiment of a previous speaker his own, "trust not to the masters of slaves in what

concerns legislation for slavery. However specious their laws may appear, depend upon it they must be ineffectual in their operation. It is in the nature of things that they should be so."—"Let, then, the British House of Commons do their part themselves. Let them not delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly. Let the evil be remedied by an assembly of freemen, by the government of a free people, and not by the masters of slaves. Their laws can never reach, could never cure the evil."

"There is something in the nature of absolute authority, in the relation between master and slave, which makes despotism in all cases, and under all circumstances, an incompetent and unsure executor even of its own provisions in favour of the objects of its power."

"The eternal truth of these maxims applied at the time to the slave trade, loses none of its force when applied to slavery; and it has been abundantly confirmed by the fatal experience of nearly thirty years, which have since elapsed, of protracted misery and oppression to the slave, and of unceasing resistance on the part of the master to every effort to alleviate that misery or to terminate that oppression. What indeed now remains to us, but to act on the wise and salutary counsel given to us in 1799, and our past neglect of which has entailed so many evils on the wretched African race? Let the British House of Commons do their part themselves, and let them not continue any longer to delegate the trust of doing it to those who cannot execute that trust fairly."

"And this is a course which not only the Parliament generally, but those members of it in particular, who are connected with the West Indies, seem bound to adopt. It appears from the papers we have now had under review, that the order in council for Trinidad was framed (with the exception of one point, that of the evidence of slaves,) on the suggestion of the West Indian body in England. The plan, therefore, was theirs; it was adopted on their recommendation, and was supported in Parliament by their concurrence. It has been contumaciously rejected, however, by the colonists; and now neither Parliament nor the West India body can, with propriety, decline the only means of carrying their own propositions into effective operation. The measures already adopted constitute a formal recognition of the existence of certain evils, which the authors of those measures have pledged themselves to remove. To this extent therefore, at the least, we trust that the West Indians will support Mr. Brougham when he shall fulfil his promise of moving the House of Commons on the subject. On them indeed, more than on others, it seems incumbent to second the motion for parliamentary legislation. Such a proceeding is necessary not only to vindicate the sincerity of their own professions in the counsel they have given to his majesty's ministers, but to rescue themselves from any share in that headstrong and ruinous line of policy which their brethren in the colonies seem determined at all hazard to pursue. If no one else were to take the matter up, we should consider the West Indian proprietors in both



houses of parliament as bound by a regard to consistency, and by a sense of justice to their wretched bondsmen, to call for the interference of Parliament. Not a few of them are the strenuous advocates of popular rights, and the sworn enemies to oppression, at least in Europe. Let them show that the operation of their principles is not bounded by geographical limits, or by the colour of the victims of oppression, or by the degree in which their own personal interests may be effected by a denial of justice. They will then be able, when they re-appear on the hustings of those places which they represent, to vindicate more fearlessly and effectually their claim to the popular suffrage.

'We have hitherto confined our remarks to the single point of legislation; and we think it has been shown that it is the very height of fatuity to continue to look to the colonial assemblies for any adequate improvement of the state of the slave law. They are themselves the authors of every legislative wrong which is to be rectified, and of every oppression which is to be redressed. They consist, almost to a man, of slave-masters, or at least of the representatives of slave masters, hardened by familiarity to the sight of those atrocities which have so shocked and astounded the people of Great Britain. And they are surrounded and controlled by a population of needy, ignorant, and profligate constituents, who derive their distinction from the utter degradation of the Negro race, and wretched subsistence from the wages they receive as the drivers and coercers of slaves.

'But the papers which we have analysed exhibit a view not only of West-Indian legislation, but of the administration of West-India law. Here a new field of horrors opens upon us. And here again we derive our proofs of the radical iniquity of the system, exclusively, from the recorded testimony of the colonists themselves. They are our witnesses. We do not confine this remark to those domestic punishments of which we have so curious an exhibition in the returns from Trinidad, and of which neither law nor justice but mere individual caprice is the arbiter. We allude rather to their criminal slave court;—to the nature and imperfections of the judicial returns from the fiscal of Demerara;—to the trials of the insurgents in that colony in 1823 (which, however, are not comprehended in the returns that form the subject of the preceding analysis;—to the impunity of the white insurgents of Barbadoes; and, above all, to the reports of the trials of the alleged black conspirators in Jamaica, in which every species of judicial irregularity appears to find a place;—and to the barefaced oppressions exercised in that island towards some of the people of colour. Let these things be fully weighed, and neither the government nor the Parliament can hesitate as to the imperative necessity of radically reforming a system which produces such abominations as have been detailed;—such perversions of the very forms of law to purposes of cruelty and oppression, as can only find their parallel in the execrated proceedings of Judge Jeffries, or in the practi-

cal jurisprudence of Constantinople, Morocco, or Algiers.

'These things must come to an end, and that speedily.—They must come to an end, because neither the government, nor the Parliament, nor the people of England can tolerate them much longer; and even if the government and the Parliament and the people of England should be so lost to a sense of their obligations, as to suffer them to continue, they must find their close in one of those convulsions which will involve white and black, master and slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, in one common and undistinguishing and overwhelming calamity. Such must, sooner or later, be the effect of going on to delegate, to the colonial assemblies, the solemn duty, which Parliament alone can discharge, of giving to the black and coloured population of our colonies the protection of law, and a pure administration of justice.

'We are, at the same time, well aware of the preponderating influence which the West-Indian proprietors possess in both houses of parliament. This alone could have prevented, for twenty long years, the abolition of the slave trade. This alone could, for fifteen years more, have paralyzed every effort which was made to rouse the attention of the government and the Parliament to the enormities of the slave system, and to the utter worthlessness and inefficiency of all the pretended improvements adopted by the colonial assemblies? To this cause must we also ascribe it, that almost every public functionary in the slave colonies, is either a proprietor of slaves, or the known partisan of the slave system;—that not only many governors, and judges, and attorney-generals, and fiscals, and registrars are taken from the class of slave holders and their friends, but that, even under the new order of things, this class has been made to supply protectors and sub-protectors of slaves, the very officers on whose zeal, fidelity, and disinterestedness its whole efficiency depends;—that we should be burdened with imposts, and our commerce fettered by impolitic and injurious restrictions, in order to enable the colonists to perpetuate their demoralizing and murderous system;—that the interests of one hundred millions of British subjects in India, in addition to those of Great Britain herself, should be sacrificed to about two thousand planters and merchants;—and that all the benefits which would have flowed to us from establishing international relations with Hayti should have been condemned, her overtures rejected, and her offered favours scorned, until she has at length been driven to throw herself again into the arms of France.'

#### MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(Continued from p. 650.)

CORIOUS as our extracts last week were from this excellent work, we are sure our readers will be anxious to be still better acquainted with it. Mr. Moore, by its publication, has added a new wreath to his literary laurels; he had been accused of indolence, and the public began to despair of his long-promised and anxiously expected Memoir of Sheridan—

the promise he has redeemed, and ably; it is true his work does not abound so much in anecdote as it might have done, and we know a gentleman who could, we suspect, furnish nearly as bulky a *volume* of the recollections of Sheridan; there is, however, a straightforward frankness and sincerity in the work, which cannot be too much praised. The estimate of the much-abused character of Sheridan does Mr. Moore much credit, and must go far to redeem it from an unmerited reproach. He says:—

'There are few persons, as we have seen, to whose kind and affectionate conduct, in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honourable testimonies remain. The pains he took to win back the estranged feelings of his father, and the filial tenderness with which he repaid long years of parental caprice, show a heart that had, at least, set out by the right road, however, in after years, it may have missed the way. The enthusiastic love which his sister bore him, and retained, unblighted by distance or neglect, is another proof of the influence of his amiable feelings, at that period of life when he was as yet unspoiled by the world. We have seen the romantic fondness which he preserved towards the first Mrs. Sheridan, even while doing his utmost, and in vain, to extinguish the same feeling in her. With the second wife, a course, nearly similar, was run;—the same "scatterings and eclipses" of affection, from the irregularities and vanities in which he continued to indulge, but the same hold kept of each other's hearts to the last. Her early letters to him breathe a passion little short of idolatry, and her devoted attentions beside his death-bed showed that the essential part of the feeling still remained.

'To claim an exemption for frailties and irregularities on the score of genius, while there are such names as Milton and Newton on record, were to be blind to the example which these and other great men have left, of the grandest intellectual powers combined with the most virtuous lives. But, for the bias given early to the mind by education and circumstances, even the least charitable may be inclined to make large allowances. We have seen how idly the young days of Sheridan were wasted—how soon he was left (in the words of the prophet) "to dwell carelessly," and with what an undisciplined temperament he was thrown upon the world, to meet at every step that never-failing spring of temptation, which, like the fatal fountain in the garden of Armida, sparkles up for ever in the path way of such a man:—

"Un fonte sorge in lei, che vaghe e monde  
Ha l'acqua sì, che i riguardanti asseta.  
Ma dentro ai freddi suoi cristalli asconde  
Di toscò estran malvagita secreta."

'Even marriage, which is among the sedatives of other men's lives, but formed a part of the romance of his. The very attractions of his wife increased his danger, by doubling, as it were, the power of the world over him, and leading him astray by her light as well as by his own. Had his talents, even then, been subjected to the *manège* of a profession, there was still a chance that business,

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and the round of regularity which it requires, might have infused some spirit of order into his life. But the stage—his glory and his ruin—opened upon him; and the property of which it made him master was exactly of that treacherous kind, which not only deceives a man himself, but enables him to deceive others, and thus combined all that a person of his carelessness and ambition had most to dread. An uncertain income, which, by eluding calculation, gives an excuse for improvidence, and, still more fatal, a facility of raising money, by which the lesson that the pressure of distress brings with it, is evaded till it comes too late to be of use—such was the dangerous power put into his hands, in his six-and-twentieth year, and amidst the intoxication of as deep and quick draughts of fame as ever young author quaffed. Scarcely had the zest of this excitement begun to wear off, when he was suddenly transported into another sphere, where successes still more flattering to his vanity awaited him. Without any increase of means, he became the companion and friend of the first nobles and princes, and paid the usual tax of such unequal friendships, by, in the end, losing them and ruining himself. The vicissitudes of a political life, and those deceitful vistas into office that were for ever opening on his party, made his hopes as fluctuating and uncertain as his means, and encouraged the same delusive calculations on both. He seemed, at every new turn of affairs, to be on the point of redeeming himself; and the confidence of others in his resources was no less fatal to him than his own, as it but increased the facilities of ruin that surrounded him.

Such a career as this—so shaped towards wrong, so inevitably devious—it is impossible to regard otherwise than with the most charitable allowances. It was one long paroxysm of excitement—no pause for thought—no inducements to prudence—the attractions all drawing the wrong way, and a voice, like that which Bossuet describes, crying inexorably from behind him, “On, on!” Instead of wondering at the wreck that followed all this, our only surprise should be, that so much remained uninjured through the trial,—that his natural good feelings should have struggled to the last with his habits, and his sense of all that was right in conduct so long survived his ability to practise it.

Numerous, however, as were the causes that concurred to disorganize his moral character, in his pecuniary embarrassment lay the source of those blemishes that discredited him most in the eyes of the world. He might have indulged his vanity and his passions, like others, with but little loss of reputation, if the consequence of these indulgences had not been obtruded upon observation in the forbidding form of debts and distresses. So much did his friend Richardson, who thoroughly knew him, consider his whole character to have been influenced by the straitened circumstances in which he was placed, that he used often to say, “If an enchanter could, by the touch of his wand, endow Sheridan suddenly with fortune, he would instantly transform him into a most honourable

and moral man.” As some corroboration of this opinion, I must say that, in the course of the inquiries which my task of biographer imposed upon me, I have found all who were ever engaged in pecuniary dealings with him, not excepting those who suffered most severely by his irregularities (among which class I may cite the respected name of Mr. Hammersley), unanimous in expressing their conviction that he always meant fairly and honourably; and that to the inevitable pressure of circumstances alone, any failure that occurred in his engagements was to be imputed.

There cannot, indeed, be a stronger exemplification of the truth, that a want of regularity\* becomes itself a vice, from the manifold evils to which it leads, than the whole history of Mr. Sheridan's pecuniary transactions. So far from never paying his debts, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, always paying;—but in such a careless and indiscriminate manner, and with so little justice to himself or others, as often to leave the respectable creditor to suffer for his patience, while the fraudulent dun was paid two or three times over. Never examining accounts nor referring to receipts, he seemed

\* His improvidence in everything connected with money was most remarkable. He would frequently be obliged to stop on his journeys, for want of the means of getting on, and to remain living expensively at an inn, till a remittance could reach him. His letters to the treasurer of the theatre on these occasions were generally headed with the words “Money-bound.” A friend of his told me, that one morning, while waiting for him in his study, he cast his eyes over the heap of unopened letters that lay upon the table, and, seeing one or two with coronets on the seals, said, to Mr. Westley, the treasurer, who was present, “I see we are all treated alike.” Mr. Westley then informed him that he had once found, on looking over this table, a letter which he had himself sent, a few weeks before, to Mr. Sheridan, enclosing a ten-pound note, to release him from some inn, but which Mr. Sheridan, having raised the supplies in some other way, had never thought of opening. The prudent treasurer took away the letter, and reserved the enclosure for some future exigence.

Among instances of his inattention to letters, the following is mentioned. Going one day to the banking-house, where he was accustomed to receive his salary, as receiver of Cornwall, and where they sometimes accommodated him with small sums before the regular time of payment, he asked, with all due humility, whether they could oblige him with the loan of twenty pounds. “Certainly, sir,” said the clerk, “Would you like any more—fifty or a hundred?” Sheridan, all smiles and gratitude, answered that a hundred pounds would be of the greatest convenience to him. “Perhaps you would like to take two hundred or three?” said the clerk. At every increase of the sum, the surprise of the borrower increased. “Have not you then received our letter?” said the clerk;—on which it turned out, that in consequence of the falling in of some fine, a sum of twelve hundred pounds had been lately placed to the credit of the receiver-general, and that, from not having opened the letter written to apprise him, he had been left in ignorance of his good luck.

as if (in imitation of his own Charles, preferring generosity to justice) he wished to make *paying* as like as possible to *giving*. Interest, too, with its usual, silent accumulation, swelled every debt; and I have found several instances among his accounts where the interest upon a small sum had been suffered to increase till it outgrew the principal;—“*minima pars ipsa puella sat.*”

Notwithstanding all this, however, his debts were by no means so considerable as has been supposed. In the year 1808, he empowered Sir R. Berkely, Mr. Peter Moore, and Mr. Frederick Homan, by power of attorney, to examine into his pecuniary affairs and take measures for the discharge of all claims upon him. These gentlemen, on examination, found that his *bona fide* debts were about £10,000, while his apparent debts amounted to five or six times as much. Whether from conscientiousness or from pride, however, he would not suffer any of the claims to be contested, but said that the demands were all fair, and must be paid just as they were stated;—though it was well known that many of them had been satisfied more than once. These gentlemen, accordingly, declined to proceed any further with their commission.

On the same false feeling he acted in 1813-14, when the balance due on the sale of his theatrical property was paid him, in a certain number of shares. When applied to by any creditor, he would give him one of these shares, and allowing his claim, entirely on his own showing, leave him to pay himself out of it, and refund the balance. Thus irregular at all times, even when most wishing to be right, he deprived honesty itself of its merit and advantages; and, where he happened to be just, left it doubtful (as Locke says of those religious people, who believe right by chance, without examination), “whether even the luckiness of the accident excused the irregularity of the proceeding†.”

The consequence, however, of this continual paying was that the number of his creditors gradually diminished, and that ultimately the amount of his debts was, taking all circumstances into account, by no means considerable. Two years after his death it appeared by a list made up by his solicitor, from claims sent into him, in consequence of an advertisement in the newspapers, that the *bona fide* debts amounted to above £5,500.

If, therefore, we consider his pecuniary irregularities in reference to the injury that they inflicted upon others, the quantum of evil for which he is responsible becomes, after all, not so great. There are many persons in the enjoyment of fair characters in the world, who would be happy to have no deeper encroachment upon the property of others to answer for; and who may well wonder by what unlucky management Sheridan could contrive to found so extensive a reputation for bad pay upon so small an amount of debt.

Let it never, too, be forgotten, in estimating this part of his character, that had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded

† Chapter on Reason.



the means of being independent and respectable in private. He might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary. He might (to use a fine expression of his own) have "hid his head in a coronet," instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public gratitude. While, therefore, we admire the great sacrifice that he made, let us be tolerant to the errors and imprudences which it entailed upon him; and, recollecting how vain it is to look for anything unalloyed in this world, rest satisfied with the martyr, without requiring also the saint.

Adverting to the political career of Sheridan, we find, that—

During the indisposition of the king, in 1788, the Whigs expected to come in on the appointment of a regency, and Sheridan, with great tact, had nearly drawn Lord Thurlow from Pitt's party, but from some cause or other, the wily chancellor slipped through his hands.

What were the motives that induced Lord Thurlow to break off so suddenly his negotiation with the prince's party, and declare himself with such vehemence on the side of the king and Mr. Pitt, it does not appear very easy to ascertain. Possibly, from his opportunities of visiting the royal patient, he had been led to conceive sufficient hopes of recovery, to incline the balance of his speculation that way; or, perhaps, in the influence of Lord Loughborough\* over Mr. Fox, he saw a risk of being supplanted in his views on the great seal. Whatever may have been the motive, it is certain that his negotiation with the Whigs had been amicably carried on till within a few hours of his delivery of that speech, from whose enthusiasm the public could little suspect how fresh from the incomplete bargain of defection was the speaker, and in the course of which he gave vent to the well-known declaration, that "his debt of gratitude to his majesty was ample, for the many favours he had graciously conferred upon him, which, when he forgot, might God forget him!"†

As it is not my desire to imitate those biographers who swell their pages with details that belong more properly to history, I shall forbear to enter into a minute or consecutive narrative of the proceedings of Parliament on the important subject of the regency. A writer of political biography has a right, no doubt, like an engineer who constructs a navigable canal, to lay every brook and spring in the neighbourhood under contribution for the supply and enrichment of his work; but, to turn into it the whole contents of the Annual Register and Parliamentary Debates is a sort of literary engineering, not quite so laudable; which, after the example set by a right reverend biographer of Mr. Pitt, will hardly again be at-

\* Lord Loughborough is supposed to have been the person who instilled into the mind of Mr. Fox the idea of advancing that claim of right for the prince, which gave Mr. Pitt, in principle as well as fact, such advantage over him.

† "Forget you;" said Mr. Wilkes, "he'll see you d—d first."

tempted by any one, whose ambition, at least, it is to be read as well as bought.

Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt, it is well known, differed essentially, not only with respect to the form of the proceedings which the latter recommended in that suspension of the royal authority, but also with respect to the abstract constitutional principles upon which those proceedings of the minister were professedly founded. As soon as the nature of the malady with which the king was afflicted had been ascertained by a regular examination of the physicians in attendance on his majesty, Mr. Pitt moved (on the 10th of December), that a "committee be appointed to examine and report precedents of such proceedings as may have been had, in case of the personal exercise of the royal authority being prevented or interrupted, by infancy, sickness, infirmity, or otherwise, with a view to provide for the same."‡

It was immediately upon this motion that Mr. Fox advanced that inconsiderate claim of right for the Prince of Wales, of which his rival availed himself so dexterously and triumphantly. Having asserted that there existed no precedent whatever that could bear upon the present case, Mr. Fox proceeded to say, that "the circumstance to be provided for did not depend upon their deliberations as a house of Parliament—it rested elsewhere. There was then a person in the kingdom, different from any other person that any existing precedents could refer to—an heir apparent, of full age and capacity to exercise the royal power. It behoved them, therefore, to waste not a moment unnecessarily, but to proceed with all becoming speed and diligence to restore the sovereign power and the exercise of the royal authority. From what he had read of history, from the ideas he had formed of the law, and what was still more precious, of the spirit of the constitution—from every reasoning and analogy drawn from those sources, he declared that he had not in his mind a doubt, and he should think himself culpable if he did not take the first opportunity of declaring it, that in the present condition of his majesty, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had as clear, as express a right to exercise the power of sovereignty, during the continuance of the illness and incapacity with which it had pleased God to afflict his majesty, as in the case of his majesty's having undergone a natural demise."

It is said that, during the delivery of this adventurous opinion, the countenance of Mr.

Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan were both members of this committee, and the following letter from the former to Sheridan refers to it:—

"My dear Sir,—My idea was, that on Fox's declaring that the precedents, neither individually nor collectively, do at all apply, our attendance ought to have been merely formal. But as you think otherwise, I shall certainly be at the committee soon after one. I rather think that they will not attempt to garble; because, supposing the precedents to apply, the major part are certainly in their favour. It is not likely that they mean to suppress,—but it is good to be on our guard. Ever most truly yours, &c. EDMUND BURKE.

"Gerard Street, Thursday morning."

Pitt was seen to brighten with exultation at the mistake into which he perceived his adversary was hurrying; and scarcely had the sentence, just quoted, been concluded, when, slapping his thigh triumphantly, he turned to the person who sat next him, and said, "I'll un-Whig the gentleman for the rest of his life!"

It was to be expected that the conduct of Lord Thurlow at this period should draw down upon him all the bitterness of those who were in the secret of his ambidextrous policy, and who knew both his disposition to desert, and the nature of the motives that prevented him. To Sheridan, in particular, such a result of a negotiation, in which he had been the principal mover and mediator, could not be otherwise than deeply mortifying. Of all the various talents with which he was gifted, his dexterity in political intrigue and management was that of which he appears to have been most vain; and this vanity it was, that at a later period of his life, sometimes led him to branch off from the main body of his party, upon secret and solitary enterprises of ingenuity, which, as may be expected from all such independent movements of a partisan—generally ended in thwarting his friends and embarrassing himself.

In the debate on that clause of the bill which restricted the regent from granting places or pensions in reversion, Mr. Sheridan is represented as having attacked Lord Thurlow in terms of the most unqualified severity,—speaking of "the natural ferocity and stubbornness of his temper," and of "his brutal bluntness." But to such abuse, unseasoned by wit, Mr. Sheridan was not at all likely to have condescended, being well aware that "as in smooth oil the razor best is set," so satire is whetted to its most perfect keenness by courtesy. His clumsy reporters have, in this, as in almost all other instances, misrepresented him.

With equal personality, but more playfulness, Mr. Burke, in exposing that wretched fiction, by which the great seal was converted into the third branch of the legislature, and the assent of the king forged to a bill, in which his incapacity to give either assent or dissent was declared, thus expressed himself:—"But what is to be done when the crown is in a *deliquium*? It was intended, he had heard, to set up a man with black brows and a large wig, a kind of scare-crow to the two houses, who was to give a fictitious assent in the royal name—and this to be binding on the people at large!" The following remarkable passage, too, in a subsequent speech, is almost too well known to be cited:—"The other house," he said, "were not yet, perhaps, recovered from that extraordinary burst of the pathetic which had been exhibited the other evening; they had not yet dried their eyes, or been restored to their former placidity, and were unqualified to attend to new business. The tears shed in that house on the occasion to which he alluded, were not the tears of patriots for dying laws, but of lords for their expiring places. The iron tears, which flowed down Pluto's cheek, rather resembled the dismal bubbling



of the Styx, than the gentle murmuring streams of Aganippe."

While Lord Thurlow was thus treated by the party whom he had so nearly joined, he was but coldly welcomed back by the minister whom he had so nearly deserted. His reconciliation, too, with the latter, was by no means either sincere or durable, the renewal of friendship between politicians, on such occasions, being generally like that which the *Diable Boiteux* describes, as having taken place between himself and a brother sprite:—"We were reconciled, embraced, and have hated each other heartily ever since."

We have seen Lord Byron characterize Mr. Sheridan's speech on the Begum charge as the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country. Until the powerful appeal made to the house by this speech had roused its feelings, the prosecution of Warren Hastings went on very tamely. Even the previous speeches of Sheridan, brilliant as they were, had failed of producing the effect that might have been expected from them:—

"There was a something—which those who have but read him can with difficulty conceive—that marred the impression of his most sublime and glowing displays. In vain did his genius put forth its superb plumage, glittering all over with the hundred eyes of fancy—the gait of the bird was heavy and awkward, and its voice seemed rather to scare than attract. Accordingly, many of those masterly discourses, which, in their present form, may proudly challenge comparison with all the written eloquence upon record, were, at the time when they were pronounced, either coldly listened to, or only welcomed as a signal and excuse for not listening at all. To such a length was this indifference carried, that on the evening when he delivered his great speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, so faint was the impression it produced upon the house, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, as I have heard, not only consulted with each other as to whether it was necessary they should take the trouble of answering it, but decided in the negative. Yet doubtless, at the present moment, if Lord Grenville—master as he is of all the knowledge that belongs to a statesman and a scholar—were asked to point out from the stores of his reading the few models of oratorical composition, to the perusal of which he could most frequently and with unwearied admiration, return, this slighted and unanswered speech would be among the number.

From all these combining circumstances, it arose that the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, even after the accession of the minister, excited but a slight and wavering interest; and, without some extraordinary appeal to the sympathies of the house and the country, some startling touch to the chord of public feeling, it was questionable whether the inquiry would not end as abortively as all the other Indian inquests that had preceded it.

In this state of the proceeding, Mr. Sheridan brought forward, on the 7th of February, in the House of Commons, the charge relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, and delivered that celebrated speech, whose effect upon its hearers has no parallel in the annals

of ancient or modern eloquence. When we recollect the men by whom the House of Commons was at that day adorned, and the conflict of high passions and interests in which they had been so lately engaged—when we see them all, of all parties, brought (as Mr. Pitt expressed it) "under the wand of the enchanter," and only vying with each other in their description of the fascination by which they were bound—when we call to mind, too, that he whom the first statesmen of the age thus lauded, had but lately descended among them from a more aerial region of intellect, bringing trophies falsely supposed to be incompatible with political prowess—it is impossible to imagine a moment of more entire and intoxicating triumph. The only alloy that could mingle with such complete success must be the fear that it was too perfect ever to come again; that his fame had then reached the meridian point, and from that consummate moment must date its decline.

"Of this remarkable speech there exists no report; for it would be absurd to dignify with that appellation the meagre and lifeless sketch, the—

"Tenuem sine viribus umbram  
In faciem *Æneæ*,"

which is given in the Annual Registers and Parliamentary Debates. Its fame, therefore, remains like an empty shrine—a cenotaph still crowned and honoured, though the inmate is wanting."

On the conclusion of this celebrated oration, to the effects of which Mr. Moore scarcely does justice, the whole assembly, members, peers, and strangers, expressed their approbation, by loud cheers and clapping of hands. Mr. Pitt said, the speech "surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind," and moved an adjournment, that the members, who were in a state of delicious insensibility, from the talismanic influence of such powerful eloquence, might have time to collect their scattered senses to the exercise of a sober judgment. Mr. Fox eulogized the speech in the highest terms, and Mr. Burke, alluding to Mr. Sheridan, said, "He has this day surpassed the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory, a display that reflects the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever has come up, in the one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge,

force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not, from that single speech, be culled and collected."

We have alluded to a comedy on Affectation which Mr. Sheridan had commenced, and the abandoning of which Mr. Moore so much deplores. The materials of this play are scanty, and consist of memoranda only, without any sketch of plot, or the composition of a single scene. Three characters are named—Sir Babble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit. The memoranda we shall quote from Mr. Moore, who has classed those together which have relation to the same thought or subject.

*Character.*—Mr. BUSTLE.

"A man who delights in hurry and interruption—will take any one's business for them—leaves the world where all his plagues may follow him—governor of all hospitals, &c.—share in Ranelagh—speaker everywhere, from the vestry to the House of Commons—"I am not at home—gad, now he has heard me and I must be at home."—"Here am I so plagued, and there is nothing I love so much as retirement and quiet."—"You never sent after me."—Let servants call in to him such a message as "Tis nothing but the window-tax," he hiding in a room that communicates.—A young man tells him some important business in the middle of fifty trivial interruptions, and the calling in of idlers; such as fiddlers, wild-beast men, foreigners with commendatory letters, &c.—answers notes on his knee, "and so your uncle died!"—for your obliging inquiries—and left you an orphan—to cards in the evening."

"Can't bear to be doing nothing."—"Can I do anything for any body any where?"—"Have been to the secretary—written to the treasury."—"Must proceed to meet the commissioners, and write Mr. Price's little boy's exercise."—The most active idler and laborious trifler.

"He does not in reality love business—only the appearance of it. "Ha! ha! did my lord say that I was always very busy?"—"What, plagued to death?"

"Keeps all his letters and copies—"Mem. to meet the hackney-coach commissioners—to arbitrate between, &c. &c."

"Contrast with the man of indolence, his brother.—"So brother, just up! and I have been, &c. &c."—one will give his money from indolent generosity, the other his time from restlessness—"Twill be shorter to pay the bill than look for the receipt,"—Files letters, answered and unanswered—"Why, here are more unopened than answered?"

"He regulates every action by a love for fashion—will grant annuities though he doesn't want money—appear to intrigue, though constant, to drink, though sober—has some fashionable vices—affects to be distressed in his circumstances, and, when his new vis-a-vis comes out, procures a judg-



ment to be entered against him—wants to lose, but by ill luck wins £5000.

'One who changes sides in all arguments the moment any one agrees with him.

'An irresolute arguer, to whom it is a great misfortune that there are not three sides to a question—a libertine in argument; conviction, like enjoyment, palls him, and his rakish understanding is soon satiated with truth—more capable of being faithful to a paradox—"I love truth as I do my wife: but sophistry and paradoxes are my mistresses—I have a strong domestic respect for her, but for the other the passion due to a mistress."

'One who agrees with every one, for the pleasure of speaking their sentiments for them—so fond of talking that he does not contradict only because he can't wait to hear people out.

'A tripping casuist, who veers by others, breath, and gets on to information by tacking between the two sides—like a hoy, not made to go straight before the wind.

'The more he talks, the farther he is off the argument, like a bowl on a wrong bias.

'What are the affectations you chiefly dislike?

'There are many in this company, so I'll mention others.—To see two people affecting intrigue, having their assignations in public places only; he, affecting a warm pursuit, and the lady, acting the hesitation of retreating virtue—"Pray, ma'am, don't you think, &c."—while neither party have words between 'em to conduct the preliminaries of gallantry, nor passion to pursue the object of it.

'A plan of public flirtation—not to get beyond a profile.

'Then I hate to see one, to whom Heaven has given real beauty, settling her features at the glass of fashion, while she speaks—not thinking so much of what she says as how she looks, and more careful of the action of her lips than of what shall come from them.

'A pretty woman studying looks and endeavouring to recollect an ogle, like Lady —, who has learned to play her eyelids like Venetian blinds\*.

'An old woman endeavouring to put herself back to a girl.

'A true trained wit lays his plan like a general—foresees the circumstances of the conversation—surveys the ground and contingencies—detaches a question to draw you into the palpable ambush of his ready-made joke.

'A man intriguing, only for the reputation of it—to his confidential servant: "Who am I in love with now?"—"The newspapers give you so and so—you are laying close siege to Lady L. in *The Morning Post*, and have succeeded with Lady G. in *The Herald*—Sir F. is very jealous of you in the *Gazetteer*."—"Remember to-morrow, the first thing you do, to put me in love with Mrs. C."

"I forgot to forget the billet-doux at

\* This simile is repeated in various shapes through his manuscripts—"She moves her eyes up and down like Venetian blinds"—"Her eyelids play like a Venetian blind," &c. &c."

Brookes's."—"By the by, an't I in love with you?"—"Lady L. has promised to meet me in her carriage to-morrow—where is the most public place?"

"You are rude to her!"—"Oh, no, upon my soul, I made love to her directly."

'An old man, who affects intrigue, and writes his own reproaches in *The Morning Post*, trying to scandalize himself into the reputation of being young, as if he could obscure his age by blotting his character—though never so little candid as when he's abusing himself.

"Shall you be at Lady —'s?—I'm told the Bramin is to be there, and the new French philosopher."—"No—it will be pleasanter at Lady —'s conversazione—the cow with two heads will be there."

"I shall order the valet to shoot me the very first thing he does in the morning."

"You are yourself affected, and don't know it—you would pass for morose."

'He merely wanted to be singular, and happened to find the character of moroseness unoccupied in the society he lived with.

'He certainly has a great deal of fancy and a very good memory; but with a perverse ingenuity he employs these qualities as no other person does—for he employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollections for his wit—when he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts, that you admire the flights of his imagination†.

'A fat woman trundling into a room on castors—in sitting can only lean against her chair—rings on her fingers, and her fat arms strangled with bracelets, which belt them like corded brawn—rolling and heaving when she laughs with the rattles in her throat, and a most apoplectic ogle—you wish to draw her out, as you would an opera-glass.

'A long lean man, with all his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin, that his front face is but the moiety of a profile—if he stands cross legged, he looks like a caduceus, and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of chevaux-de-frise—to make any use of him, it must be as a pontoon or a fishing-rod—when his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one's a mast, and the other all hulk—she's a dome and he's built like a glass-house—when they part you wonder to see the steeple separate from the chancel, and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker's bolster—to sing her praise you should choose a rondeau, and to celebrate him you must write all Alexandrines.

'I wouldn't give a pin to make fine men in love with me—every coquette can do that, and the pain you give these creatures is very trifling. I love out-of-the-way conquests;

† The reader will find how much this thought was improved upon afterwards.

and, as I think my attractions are singular, I would draw singular objects.

'The loadstone of true beauty draws the heaviest substances—not like the fat dowager, who frets herself into warmth to get the notice of a few *papier mâché* fops, as you rub Dutch sealing-wax to draw paper.

'If I were inclined to flatter I would say that, as you are unlike other women, you ought not to be won as they are. Every woman can be gained by time, therefore you ought to be by a sudden impulse. Sighs, devotion, attention, weigh with others; but they are so much your due that no one should claim merit from them.

'You should not be swayed by common motives—how heroic to form a marriage for which no human being can guess the inducement—what a glorious unaccountableness! All the world will wonder what the devil you could see in me; and, if you should doubt your singularity, I pledge myself to you that I never yet was endured by woman; so that I should owe everything to the effect of your bounty, and not by my own superfluous deserts make it a debt, and so lessen both the obligation and my gratitude. In short, every other woman follows her inclination, but you, above all things, should take me, if you do not like me. You will, besides, have the satisfaction of knowing that we are decidedly the worst match in the kingdom—a match, too, that must be all your own work, in which fate could have no hand, and which no foresight could foresee.

'A lady who affects poetry—"I made regular approaches to her by sonnets and rebusses—a rondeau of circumvallation—her pride sapped by an elegy, and her reserve surprised by an impromptu—proceeding to storm with Pindarics, she, at last, saved the further effusion of ink by a capitulation."

'Her prudish frowns and resentful looks are as ridiculous as 'twould be to see a board with notice of spring-guns set in a highway, or of steel-traps in a common—because they imply an insinuation that there is something worth plundering where one would not, in the least, suspect it.

'The expression of her face is at once a denial of all love-suit, and a confession that she never was asked—the sourness of it arises not so much from her aversion to the passion, as from her never having had an opportunity to show it.—Her features are so unfortunately formed that she could never dissemble or put on sweetness enough to induce any one to give her occasion to show her bitterness.—I never saw a woman to whom you would more readily give credit for perfect chastity.

'Lady *Clío*. "What am I reading?"—"have I drawn nothing lately?—is the work-bag finished?—how accomplished I am!—has the man been to untune the harpsichord?—does it look as if I had been playing on it?"

"Shall I be ill to-day?—shall I be nervous?"—"Your la'ship was nervous yesterday."—"Was I?—then I'll have a cold—I haven't had a cold this fortnight—a cold is becoming—no—I'll not have a cough; that's fatiguing—I'll be quite well."—"You become sickness—your la'ship always looks vastly well when you're ill."



"Leave the book half read and the rose half finished—you know I love to be caught in the fact."

"One who knows that no credit is ever given to his assertions has the more right to contradict his words."

"He goes the western circuit, to pick up small fees and impudence."

"A new wooden leg for Sir Charles Easy."

"An ornament which the proud peers wear all the year round—chimney-sweepers only on the first of May."

"In marriage if you possess anything very good, it makes you eager to get everything else good of the same sort."

"The critic when he gets out of his carriage should always recollect, that his footman behind is gone up to judge as well as himself."

"She might have escaped in her own clothes, but I suppose she thought it more romantic to put on her brother's regimentals."

Alluding again to the personal and literary character of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Moore says:

"His social qualities were, unluckily for himself, but too attractive. In addition to his powers of conversation, there was a well-bred good-nature in his manner, as well as a deference to the remarks and opinions of others, the want of which very often, in distinguished wits, offends the self-love of their hearers, and makes even the dues of admiration that they levy a sort of *'droit de seigneur,'* paid with unwillingness and distaste."

"No one was so ready and cheerful in promoting the amusements of a country-house; and on a rural excursion he was always the soul of the party. His talent at dressing a little dish was often put in requisition on such occasions, and an Irish stew was that on which he particularly plumed himself. Some friends of his recal with delight a day of this kind which they passed with him, when he made the whole party act over the battle of the Pyramids on Marsden Moor, and ordered "Captain" Creevey and others upon various services, against the cows and donkeys entrenched in the ditches. Being of so playful a disposition himself, it was not wonderful that he should take such pleasure in the society of children. I have been told, as doubly characteristic of him, that he has often, at Mr. Monckton's, kept a chaise and four waiting half the day for him at the door, while he romped with the children."

"In what are called *Vers de Société*, or drawing-room verses, he took great delight; and there remain among his papers several sketches of these trifles. I once heard him repeat, in a ball-room, some verses which he had lately written on waltzing, and of which I remember the following:—

"With tranquil step and timid downcast glance,

Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance,  
In such sweet posture our first parent's mov'd,  
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they rovd;

Ere yet the devil, with promise foul and false,  
Turned their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.

One hand grasps her's, the other holds her hip—

For so the law's laid down by Baron Trip."

"He had a sort of hereditary fancy for difficult trifling in poetry; particularly for that sort, which consists in rhyming to the same word through a long string of couplets, till every rhyme that the language supplies for it is exhausted† The following are specimens from a poem of this kind, which he wrote on the loss of a lady's trunk:—

"MY TRUNK!

(To Anne)

"Have you heard, my dear Anne, how my spirits are sunk?

Have you heard of the cause? Oh, the loss of my trunk.

From exertion or firmness I've never yet slunk:  
But my fortitude's gone with the loss of my trunk?

Stout Lucy, my maid, is a damsel of spunk;  
Yet she weeps night and day for the loss of my trunk!

I'd better turn nun, and coquet with a monk;  
For with whom can I flirt without aid from my trunk?

"Accurs'd be the thief, the old rascally hunk,  
Who rifles the fair, and lays hands on their trunks!

He, who robs the king's stores of the least bit of junk,

Is hang'd—while he's safe, who has plunder'd my trunk!

"There's a phrase amongst lawyers, when nunc's put for tune;

But, tune and nunc both, must I grieve for my trunk!

Huge leaves of that great commentator, old Brunck,

Perhaps was the paper that lined my poor trunk!

But my rhymes are all out; for I dare not use st—k,†

'Twould shock Sheridan more than the loss of my trunk."

"From another of these trifles (which, no doubt, produced much gaiety at the breakfast-table), the following extracts will be sufficient:—

"Muse, assist me to complain,

While I grieve for Lady Jane.

I ne'er was in so sad a vein,

Deserted now by Lady Jane."

"Lord Petre's house was built by Payne—

No mortal architect made Jane.

If hearts had windows, through the pane

Of mine you'd see sweet Lady Jane."

"At breakfast I could scarce refrain

From tears at missing lovely Jane;

Nine rolls I eat, in hopes to gain

The roll that might have fall'n to Jane," &c.

"Another, written on a Mr. Bigg, contains some ludicrous couplets:—

"I own he's not fam'd for a reel or a jig,  
Tom Sheridan there surpasses Tom Bigg.

For, lam'd in one thigh, he is oblig'd to go zig-

Zag, like a crab—so no dancer is Bigg.

"This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time those verses were written, well known in the dancing circles."

† Some verses, by General Fitzpatrick, on Lord Holland's father, are the best specimens that I know of this sort of scherzo."

† He had a particular horror of this word."

Those who think him a coxcomb, or call him a prig,

How little they know of the mind of my Bigg!  
Though he ne'er can be mine, Hope will catch a twig—

Two deaths—and I yet may become Mrs. Bigg.  
Oh give me, with him, but a cottage and pig,  
And content I would live on beans, bacon,  
and Bigg."

"A few more of these light productions remain among his papers, but their wit is gone with those for whom they were written; the wings of time *"eripuerunt jocos."*

"Of a very different description are the following striking and spirited fragments (which ought to have been mentioned in a former part of this work), written by him, apparently, about the year 1794, and addressed to the naval heroes of that period, to console them for the neglect they experienced from the government, while ribands and titles were lavished on the Whig seceders:—

"Never mind them, brave black Dick,  
Though they've played thee such a trick—

Damn their ribands and their garters,  
Get you to your post and quarters.

Look upon the azure sea,  
There's a sailor's taffeta!

Mark the zodiac's radiant bow,  
That's a collar fit for Howg!

And, than P—t—d's brighter far,  
The Pole shall furnish you a star! §

Damn their ribands and their garters,  
Get you to your post and quarters.

Think, on what things are ribands showered—  
The two Sir Georges—Y— and H!

Look to what rubbish stars will stick,  
To Dicky H—n and Johnny D—k!

Would it be for your country's good,  
That you might pass for Alec. H—d,

Or, perhaps,—and worse by half—  
To be mistaken for Sir R—h!

Would you, like C—, pine with spleen,  
Because your bit of silk was green?

Would you, like C—, change your side,  
To have your silk new dipp'd and dyed?—

Like him, exclaim, 'My riband's hue  
Was green—and now, by heav'n's! 'tis blue,'

And, like him, stain your honour too!  
Damn their ribands and their garters,

Get you to your post and quarters.  
On the fogs of Britain close,

While B—k garters his Dutch hose,  
And cons, with spectacles on nose

(While to battle you advance),  
His 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

# ORIGINAL.

PROPOSED ALTERATIONS AROUND ST. PAUL'S. THE confined, irregular, and unsightly area, in which is placed one of the finest—in some respects the very finest monument of modern architecture, has too long been a stigma upon our national taste, a reproach to the wealthiest city in the world, and the astonishment of foreigners. We are happy, therefore, to find that the period is arrived when we may expect to see this area and its approaches rendered worthy of so noble an edifice, and

§ This reminds me of a happy application which he made, upon a subsequent occasion, of two lines of Dryden:—

"When men like Erskine go astray,  
The stars are more in fault than they."



so remodelled as to form one grand and uniform architectural design. An attentive examination of Mr. Elmes' plans enables us to lay before our readers some account of the projected alterations, which are made with a due regard to economy and practicability. So far as regards the area itself, it will be extended but very little—no more than is absolutely necessary to reduce it into a regular form, the sides of which shall be parallel with those of the cathedral. In some parts, the houses will even advance a little beyond the present line of building. The western end of the area will be a semicircle or crescent, three hundred and seventy feet in diameter, of which the front of the cathedral forms the chord. This opens into a square, extending from the east corner of Ludgate Street to Creed Lane; and, in the centre of this place, it is proposed to erect a monument of the late king. Between Creed Lane and New Bridge Street, a street will be formed eighty feet wide, forming a regular and direct approach to the western front of the cathedral, of which an unimpeded view may then be obtained; and it is easy to conceive what an imposing and magnificent effect will thus be produced. To accomplish this much property must certainly be disturbed, but surely the substitution of a noble street, with excellent shops, for dirty alleys, and houses of a very inferior description, is worth some partial and temporary inconvenience, and, setting aside the beauty of the design, is desirable even as a profitable speculation. In fact, so far will these alterations be from being prejudicial to the interests of any property in the neighbourhood, that they must tend ultimately to improve it. Even the inhabitants of Ludgate Hill will have no reason either to be alarmed or to complain, since that will always continue the direct line of traffic from Fleet Street and the west, while the new street will as naturally be that from Blackfriars' Bridge. But to return to the area surrounding the church: immediately opposite the south portico is a small sweep or crescent, opening to a street carried down to the Thames, where it terminates in another crescent, intended as a market, midway between Billingsgate and Hungerford markets. Opposite the north portico is a similar sweep, with a street leading into Newgate Street. Both these streets are, like that opposite the west front, eighty feet wide. Nothing can be more judiciously contrived than this arrangement, for these crescents not only provide a convenient *embouchure* to the streets, but also a greater space in front of each transept, without occasioning the general line to be carried back; and they harmonizes beautifully and naturally with the semicircular porticos of the church. It is proposed to take down the palisading of the churchyard, which at present is carried so very irregularly as to contract the carriage-way most inconveniently, and to place it at a uniform distance from the building on every side. By this means much space will be gained, and the symmetry of the whole area very considerably improved. The surrounding houses, which are designed for shops and offices, will have an Ionic colonnade in front, the height

of the ground-floor, so as to form a covered walk, which, in a climate like our's, is as much wanted for shelter from dirt and wet, as in Italy for shade—and even for the latter purpose it will prove by no means superfluous during the summer months. The objection, that such a mode of building tends to darken the shops, we consider as rather futile: in a narrow street, a colonnade might be inconvenient in this respect, but certainly not here. At any rate, the advantage, both to the shops and the passengers, is much greater than the trifling disadvantage of being obliged, perhaps, to light up the former half an hour earlier. We hope, therefore, that this part of the plan will be carried into execution—not on the score of architectural beauty, for that cannot be much enhanced by it—but on that of public convenience. The houses themselves are designed with a due attention to symmetry, architectural effect, and economy. The parts are bold, and judiciously broken, without that affectation of ornament which would here be misplaced. The fronts do not, as in Regent Street, form separate façades, but are very properly connected, so as to combine into one regular design—thus forming a frame, if we may so express ourselves, to the principal object—the cathedral itself. These buildings will, we understand, be all fronted with either Bath or Portland stone, by which means economy will be consulted almost as much as good taste.

The east side of the churchyard will be but partially altered, the greater part of it being occupied by the recently-erected edifice of St. Paul's School; but a spacious opening will be made to Cheapside and St. Martin's le Grand, so as to admit a fine view of the new Post-office. When these improvements are carried into execution, this site will present a scene of architectural regularity and grandeur not easily to be paralleled, and will mark with the importance which it deserves the centre of the metropolis of the British empire. We learn from good authority that it has already met with the concurrence of the parties more immediately interested in it, and sincerely hope that so noble a project will not have to contend with paltry jealousies, invidious cavils, and narrow-minded opposition.

CONSPIRACY OF THE JESUITS AGAINST QUEEN ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.  
(From the German.)

At a period when it is attempted to revive the order of the Jesuits, and to give to this insidious branch of the Roman Catholic religion, all the power it once possessed and wielded so injuriously to society, it may be well to, turn to the page of history and see what tyranny and what cruelty this body, assuming the name of the society of Jesus, and professing the mild principle of Christianity, has exercised in former times. We shall, perhaps, be told that the age is more enlightened, and that the scenes to which we allude, were those of a barbarous age; but, it is to be recollected, that the Roman Catholic religion is unchanged and unchangeable, and instances of its persecuting spirit and its bigotry are not want-

ing in the present day. In Spain, within the last few weeks, some freemasons, accused of no crime, have been executed, because freemasonry is under the ban of the pope.—The persecution of the Protestants in the South of France, since the restoration of the Bourbons, and the enacting of the murderous law against sacrilege, are proofs that the character of popery is not changed. History, is said, by some author to be philosophy, teaching by example, and we therefore, ought not to be unmindful of its precepts. In giving, however, from Wolf's History of the Jesuits, an account of the conspiracy of that body against Queen Elizabeth and King James I. we have no wish to excite Protestant intolerance, but to expose popish tyranny.

'The popes could not bear the idea of being deprived of the richest sources of their revenues by the defection of England; therefore they attempted repeatedly to open them again. Pius V. entertained the most sanguine hopes that Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, would afford him an opportunity of recovering his authority in that powerful kingdom. With that view Vincent Lauro, archbishop of Montreal, and the jesuits Edmund Hay and Thomas Dasbire, his most skilful agents, were despatched by him to Scotland. But Mary's mind was at that time more bent on love intrigues than on matters of religion. She polluted the royal bed by her amours with David Rizzio, the notorious Piedmontese flute player, and at length caused Henry Stuart to be assassinated, in order to be regularly married to her lover, to the greatest scandal of her subjects.

'Such vile dispositions might, indeed, have been very apt to promote Rome's interest; but Elizabeth, guarding the rights of her throne with as much prudence as circumspection, watched Mary's steps with uncommon jealousy. Even in the beginning of her reign she carefully avoided the faults of Mary, her predecessor, who had endeavoured to support the Roman Catholic religion by violent measures. She had for some time conceived a predilection for Calvinism, but being extremely fond of splendour, could not approve of the simplicity of the Calvinist rites, and became the founder of a new church, at present known by the name of the Church of England.

'Pius V. exerting at length his papal authority, in the year 1570, hurled the thunderbolts of his anathemas against the queen, after having in vain employed secret artifices to gain her over to his interest. He called her in his bulls an apostate, who scorned the prayers and amicable exhortations of the neighbouring princes; a rotten member that ought to be cut off from the Christian body; declared her unworthy to sway the sceptre, and released her subjects from their oath of allegiance.

'The secret means which Pius V. employed to enforce his bulls against the queen, afforded an excellent support to his artful designs. He erected not only a college at Rome, in which young Englishmen were instructed in the system of the Roman church, but persuaded the King of Spain and the

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cardinal of Lorraine to found similar seminaries at Douay and Rheims. The most promising British youths were in these schools made gradually acquainted with the spirit of the aforementioned bull, under the direction of the jesuits, and afterwards employed as secret emissaries, being sent back, under different pretexts, to their native country, to preach every where the doctrine of the pope's absolute power, and to represent it as an essential point of religious belief. "These jesuistical pupils," says Hume, "having been educated with a prospect of the crown of martyrdom, could be deterred neither by danger nor difficulties from propagating and maintaining their principles. They inspired all their followers with a mortal hatred against the queen, calling her an insupportable tyrant, an heretic, and a persecutrix of the faithful, who had been solemnly and publicly excommunicated by the holy father. Rebellion, mutiny, and assassination, were the means through which they intended to execute their designs against her; and the rigorous constraints, in which the Roman Catholics were held in England, rendered them the more disposed to receive such violent doctrines from their spiritual instructors."

"It was chiefly owing to these circumstances that the queen and the parliament from time to time enacted such rigorous laws against the Roman Catholics, and particularly against these secret emissaries. But the flame of rebellion and religious hatred could never be totally extinguished; and how opportune must not that period have been to the jesuits! the papal bull opened a way for them to give their opinion at large, and in a practical manner, on a particular subject of morality. Robert Person, one of the greatest and ablest members of their order, was the first who dared to calumniate the queen with the most violent acrimony in his writings, which he published under fictitious names. He had the precaution to appear under different disguises, being by turns a soldier or a merchant, but always a vagabond that fomented the spirit of rebellion amongst the dissatisfied, most of whom wanted nothing but encouragement. The libel which he wrote against Queen Elizabeth is an incontestable proof of his restless and malicious disposition. He had the temerity to maintain that the kings and queens, who some time since had swayed over England, had either been bastards or heretics. He declared that neither Elizabeth, nor any of the princes of the royal blood, had a right to the crown, which was the lawful inheritance of the Catholic king of Spain; that no subject was bound to the queen by his oath of allegiance, after she had been excommunicated by the pope, in whose power it was to make and to dethrone kings, &c. &c."

"These are the writings which by the jesuits are declared to be most excellent compositions; these are what they call pious, devout, and catholic sentiments; and those persons were the men that at Rheims, Douay, and Rome, superintended the English colleges, where the British youths found a safe asylum against the persecutions of the heretics."

"Elizabeth had been jealous of those col-

leges and seminaries for some time. She was convinced that the most dangerous designs, both against her life and crown, were formed in those places. She knew that they served as an asylum for all traitors who were banished the country, for all dissatisfied subjects, and all daring and fanatic Englishmen. She sent people on whose fidelity she could rely to the seminaries at Rheims and Rome, who, under the pretext of being exiled and persecuted Roman Catholics, were to explore the mysteries of these jesuistical dens. This precaution was not superfluous; for they discovered that the jesuits Edmond Campian, Radulf Servin, and Alexander Briant, had arrived in England by different routes, according to the advice of the bishop of St. Asaph, an hoary villain. They intended to excite the people and a part of the nobility against the queen, and to deprive her of her crown. They also have been accused of having selected fifty men, who had arms concealed under their garments, to assassinate the queen, Robert Dudley earl of Leinster, and Walsingham the secretary of state. After the perpetration of this infernal deed, a certain great man was to exclaim, "Long live Queen Mary of Scotland!" These particulars George Elliot, Cradock, Sled, Mundy, and Hill, who discovered the conspiracy, deposed upon oath; but the three jesuits, who were taken up in consequence of this deposition, did not confess their crime, though they were put to the rack. They were, nevertheless, condemned to death, and executed, December 1, 1581.

"The jesuits complain loudly of the English judicature for having sentenced to death, with such an unaccountable precipitation, and without having obtained the confession of the accused, who, as they pretend, could be charged with no other crime but with being Roman Catholics and jesuits. It is not, therefore, matter of astonishment that they regard Father Campian as a hero and a saint, who shed his blood for the sake of the Roman Catholic faith. They go still farther, pretending that God had glorified his death by miracles, in order to remove all doubts which might be entertained either with regard to the injustice of his judges or the innocence of the accused. Bombinus wrote his life, and collected a great number of these pretended miracles. He asserts that blood had streamed out of the glove of Judge Aleph, when he pronounced Campian's sentence, although not the least wound could be seen; he also would make us believe that the Thames had suddenly stood still, like the river Jordan, to the surprise of all London, when Campian expired on the scaffold. It is, however, much more remarkable that the judges and their accessaries, who found the jesuit guilty, died an unnatural and violent death. Nor can I omit mentioning the uncommon resentment which the news of Campian's execution excited amongst the leaguistic mob at Paris against the British ambassador. The jesuits allege this circumstance as a proof of their innocence, although it speaks loudly to the contrary, it being notorious that the faction of the jesuits had recourse to the most unwarrantable and

violent measures to effect the ruin of Queen Elizabeth. It was no secret that Campian's and his associates' daring undertaking against the queen and the British empire was devised at Paris under the direction of the Bishop of St. Asaph, who came purposely on that business from Rome: it is, therefore, no wonder that the jesuits, who at that time supported the leaguistic cabals in France, found it easy to excite the misguided multitude against the English ambassador. The jesuits had always been accustomed to defend themselves against the accusations of their antagonists by such miserable subterfuges. They endeavour to exculpate themselves, by calling to their assistance miracles and the testimony of historians of their own order, without considering that an impartial man is more firmly convinced by the connection of circumstances, than by specious apologies. Although Campian was sentenced to death for high treason, without having made a confession of his crime, yet this circumstance is far from being a sufficient proof of his innocence. His occupation in England could, in consequence of the relation in which the queen stood with respect to the court of Rome, consist in nothing else but in secret endeavours to deprive her by his cabals of the obedience and fidelity of her subjects. Rapin mentions it as an undeniable fact, that Campian went sometimes as a statesman, and at other times as a soldier, into the houses of the Roman Catholics, under the pretext of instructing or comforting them, but really for no other purpose than to excite them to rebellion and sedition. Himself and his associate Person distributed a great number of libels against the queen amongst the Roman Catholics; and this act alone would have qualified them for the gallows, although the conspiracy against the queen were not proved.

"The jesuits, however, have not sinned once only against Queen Elizabeth, but frequently and without intermission. It is remarked in the history of England as something very singular, that these ecclesiastics did not suffer four years to pass without committing an act of treason against the state. Campian was hanged in the year 1581, and, in the year 1584, William Parry's entrails were torn out by the public executioner. This wretch was an attorney, had squandered away his fortune, and wanted to repair his ruined finances by an unheard-of act of villainy. The jesuit Benedic Palmio, whom Parry met at Venice, declared that the design of assassinating Queen Elizabeth was extremely acceptable in the eyes of God. He presented to his already perturbed mind a dreadful picture of the oppression under which the Roman Catholics in England groaned. The atrocious villain from that time had not a moment's rest, and went from Venice to Paris, where he met with his countryman William Alan, who had wrote a furious libel against the Queen of England. Watts, a learned jesuit, endeavoured to convince him of the heinousness of his design; but his colleagues were very little obliged to him for his honesty. Father Hannibal Codret, however, contrived to persuade Parry that Watts, and all the theologians who had



alarmed his conscience, were heretics. The traitor received the Lord's sacrament at the college of the jesuits, in the presence of the Cardinals Vendosme and Joyeuse, and then went to England to execute his design, after having made an agreement to that purpose with the pope. He succeeded in his endeavours to obtain admission to Queen Elizabeth, under the pretext of having important discoveries to make concerning a conspiracy against her life. The queen was very much pleased with his hypocritical devotion, and gave him leave to see her frequently without witnesses. Parry was several times tempted to execute his diabolical design; but the magnanimity of the queen and his own fear always disarmed him, and he procrastinated the perpetration of his intention so long, that it at length grew too heavy a burden for himself alone; he therefore communicated his dreadful secret to one of his relations, whose name was Nueil, with the view to make him accessory in his intended murder of the queen. Nueil, however, thought it preferable to discover the whole design to Elizabeth, in which intention he was confirmed by the evident hesitation and irresolution which appeared in Parry's behaviour. Parry was in consequence seized, and confessed his intended crime on the rack, when it appeared that, besides the jesuits Palmio and Codret, another, whose name was William Chreikton, was concerned in the conspiracy. The latter had been rector of the college at Lyons, resided some time in Scotland, where he with uncommon address supported the designs of the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma against England, and at length stole in disguise into that kingdom. He was also apprehended and put to the torture; but at first obstinately refused to make a confession; however, he wrote at last to Walsingham, the secretary of state, informing him that he recollected to have had a conversation with Parry at Lyons, in which he had told him that it was contrary to the laws of God and man to assassinate the queen.

'It is incomprehensible how the judges could be satisfied with this pretence; and it seems that they did not know the constitution of the order, whose main principle was, that every prince that was not of the party of the Pope and the King of Spain, was a tyrant whom every subject had a right to kill. It is evident that Chreikton imposed upon his judges, and that the sentiments which he displayed in his letter to the secretary of state do not at all agree with those which he betrayed at the court of Scotland.

'Sixtus V. wanted to marry James king of Scotland to a Spanish princess, in order to reconduct him by that union to the bosom of the Romish church; but the chancellor Matelan found means to frustrate that design. The jesuit Chreikton did not hesitate, however, to discover, by his own practice, his approbation of the jesuitical doctrine, that it was lawful to do a bad action for a good purpose. He meditated the assassination of the chancellor; but his design miscarried through committing the execution of it to an hired assassin. This circumstance clearly proves how little the jesuits have to boast of

Chreikton's letter to Walsingham, as a proof that he had not been concerned in the plot against the queen.

'Parry's conviction, amongst other severe measures against treason and assassination, occasioned also a rigorous law against the jesuits; they were ordered to quit the kingdom within a fortnight; and it was decreed, that any member of their society that should not have quitted England by that time, should be judged guilty of high treason, and every one that should harbour a jesuit in his house, be punished as a felon. All British subjects who studied abroad in the colleges of the jesuits, were ordered to return, on pain of being punished for high treason; but, notwithstanding, these pious fathers had not yet lost all hopes of success. The ease with which they could assume any disguise, without detriment to their essential calling, assisted them greatly in the prosecution of their intrigues. They could make even the capital the centre of their transactions without falling into the hands of justice. Their plots grew the more dangerous, because the secrecy and circumspection with which they acted cut off all opportunity of surprising them in the fact.

'Their villanies did not, however, entirely remain in darkness.—A new plot, which they concerted in the year 1586, against the Queen of England, accelerated the execution of Mary queen of Scotland. Anthony Babington, a young man, concerted a plan with Bernard Mendoza, the Spanish agent, to assassinate Elizabeth, and to raise Mary, who then had been a prisoner of state for several years, to the British throne. That unfortunate princess suffered herself to be involved in the plot, and gave the Spaniard hopes that she would resign the government voluntarily to Philip, as he was the only monarch that was powerful enough to extirpate heresy in England. This intrigue was supported in Spain and in France by secret embassies sent thither by the deluded queen. Babington's zeal in this affair seemed not to be fervent enough; however the jesuit Ballard, who came from France to England to urge the speedy execution of the intended atrocious act, found means to inspire him with an incredible enthusiasm, representing not only the assassination of Elizabeth as an holy and laudable deed, but exciting also in the heart of the ambitious and voluptuous Babington a fatal passion, by flattering him with the hope that Mary would give him her hand, which completely inebriated his reason. The day on which the queen was to be assassinated was already fixed, but the conspiracy was discovered before he could execute his purpose. Babington and Ballard were apprehended and sentenced to death. Their perfidious hearts were torn out of their breasts, and beaten in their face.

'Whilst Elizabeth was exposed to continual dangers in her own palace, the King of Spain had fitted out, in the year 1588, that dreadful armada which excited the astonishment of all Europe. He exhausted almost all the resources of his finances to fit out a fleet which never had its equal. Philip, whose state policy was constantly occupied

with the most enormous schemes, had not only the interest of religion at heart, but also designed to possess himself of the British throne. He began at that time to be sensible of the superiority of his subjects in the Netherlands, who were powerfully supported by England. The conquest of that kingdom appeared therefore to him to be a necessary step, in order to regain his declining authority in the Low Countries, but this, his real motive, he wished to be involved in obscurity, and to rise against England merely in the form of a defender of the true religion and the papal see.

'Pope Sixtus V. a man of an unbridled ambition, found means to represent the violent designs of the King of Spain as a holy crusade. He authorized him by a bull, in which he called the Queen of England an heretic and a bastard, and declared her divested of her dignity, to drive her from her throne by force of arms, and to submit her kingdom to the apostolical see. "We excommunicate," thus Pius expressed himself, "by virtue of God's omnipotence and of our holy function, the said Elizabeth, and divest her of her royal dignities, rights, and claims to the English crown; declare her a lawless and notorious tyrant, and absolve all her subjects from the oath of allegiance and obedience which they have sworn to her. We further command earnestly, by the wrath of the omnipotent God, and on pain of excommunication and other corporeal punishments, that no person, of whatever rank he be, after the publication of this bull, shall pay her the least obedience, favour, or assistance, but that every one shall use all his powers and faculties to punish her according to her deserts. We declare at the same time, that we not only authorize any one, of whatever rank he be, to apprehend the said tyrant and her abettors, to seize and to deliver them up to the Roman Catholic party; but we also promise an adequate reward to every person that shall render us such an important service; and as we in general are prompted by our paternal and innate liberality to open the spiritual treasury of the holy church, we hereby grant a complete absolution of all his sins to every one that shall assist the Catholic king in that undertaking."

'The jesuits, a great number of whom were on board of Philip's fleet, were the heralds whom he dispatched before this bull, to excite all catholics in England against the queen. The most distinguished of these harbingers of discord and sedition was Henry Garnet, who under different names and disguises went about to disseminate rebellion. However, neither the anathemas of the pope nor the intrigues of the jesuits produced the desired effect. Elizabeth treated the Roman catholics with so much lenity, that they did not dare to revolt against a queen who so generously forgot injuries, and was beneficent even to her enemies. This prudent behaviour frustrated all the artifices of her inveterate and dreadful enemies. The Roman catholics forgot the interest of their religion, in order to think only of the safety of the kingdom.

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minious and mortifying manner this Spanish crusade terminated. Even the elements seem to have been incensed against the daring undertaking of the Spaniards. The fleet, which Spanish arrogance had denominated the Invincible Armada, had scarcely put to sea, when it was dispersed by a dreadful hurricane.

The jesuits beheld the failure of such a grand undertaking with inward vexation, and had again recourse to their usual mode of secret assassination. Patrick Cullen came, in the year 1592, to England, with an intention to assassinate the queen. The jesuit Hollet had prepared him in the Netherlands for that villainous purpose, having administered the absolution and the Lord's Supper to him, and represented the assassination of the queen as an undertaking, the justness of which was founded on the divine laws, and whose execution would be highly pleasing to God. The jesuit Creswel, who resided in Spain, wrote at the same time a violent libel, under the fictitious name of Andrew Philopater, in which Elizabeth was shamefully abused, and the nation exhorted to take up arms against her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SUNSET ON THE SEA-SHORE.\*

How beautiful, how charming sets the sun,  
Hast'ning his course towards the western seas;  
Like to a warrior whose race is run,  
And splendid vict'ries past,—resting in peace!

The air is still and peaceful, not a sound  
Disturbs the languor which o'er all prevails,  
Save when the sea-gull skims the deep profound,

Or noisy sailor hoists the pendant sails.  
The ambient air is still,—a stillness holy  
Pervades the earth, the woods, the sea, the sky;

It doth invest the soul with melancholy,  
And fixes high the thoughts on Deity!

The rocks which bound the scene remain unmoved,

As when Creation first their being gave;  
Strong and eternal barriers have they prov'd,  
To the rude beating of the briny wave.

That war is now at rest,—sweet peace is found  
To reign o'er all creation, and display  
The joy and pleasure she distributes round

When glorious in the west sits closing day.

See how the beauteous clouds their hues do change,—

They're now bright yellow-red;—now blue,  
Now grey;

O how imagination wild doth range,  
Lost in th' abyss of their variety!

Look,—how they change!—their forms and colour change,

Filling the mind with dreams of heavenly glory;

In them, with souls set free from earth we range,  
Nor think the lovely scene is transitory.

\* Were we in the habit of puffing off our contributors, we might, without any charge of quackery, call the attention of the public to the exquisite pieces which have lately appeared in *The Literary Chronicle*, from the pen of O. N. Y.; their own merit, however, we are sure, will recommend them to every reader of good taste.—ED.

The sun is hast'ning on his downward way;  
All nature praise him—with cheerful voice,  
For all in nature feel his quick'ning ray,  
And all that feel his pow'r, in him rejoice.

The still deep sea enamour'd of him grows,—  
See how he hastes to steal from her a kiss;  
How his bright orb with heavenly beauty glows,

As he hastes forward to enjoy that bliss!  
Behold, he sinks! how gorgeous is he dress'd,  
Robing himself in heaven's resplendent hues;  
The evening star bespangles now his vest,  
Mimics his ray, and in his steps, pursues.

Look, look,—they kiss!—the ocean and the sun;

He hides his face in her deep heaving breast,  
And, wearied with the course he now hath run,  
He in her bosom lays himself to rest.

The splendid hues are gone,—the charm is past,

And mystic twilight hastens on its way;  
The glimmering light is now receding fast,  
And all the sky is one pure sober grey!  
5th October, 1825. O. N. Y.

#### SONNET TO MY SISTER.

I DO not look again to meet  
A heart like thine,  
A haven, where I may retreat  
At any time.

Be my sky dark, or be it fair;  
Be my joy dead or high,  
I always find a pillow there  
Whereon to lie.

The fire-fly dazzles in the night,  
The glow-worm glitters in the shade,  
But truth will shine where all is bright,  
A light that will not fade.

Some call thee fair and gay and bland,  
But I will call thee more—a friend.

H. N. H.

#### ON CHRISTIAN NAMES.

We are told the *cognomen* of misters and dames  
From their persons and calling oft varies,  
But you'll find that the Christian as well as surnames,

Go no less by the rule of contraries:  
For *Urban*, the rustic was ne'er in the city;  
*Flora* knows not sunflowers from daisies—  
And sallow-faced *Rosa* is not sweet or pretty—  
No lady less graceful than *Grace* is.

*Fortunio*, just ruin'd, his fortune repairs  
By a marriage with ugly Miss *Bella*;  
Poor *Felix* is wretched he vowed and declares,  
At the lack-lustre phiz of his *Stella*;  
Frowning *Love* hates the tameness of *Leo*, her swain,

*Clementina* has nearly killed her man,  
*Alethea* will lie for the most paltry gain,  
And there's no truer Briton than *German*;  
Miss *Temp'rance* delights in a glass of blue-ruin,  
Miss *Blanch* is as brown as a berry,  
While *Constance*, though married, will yield to your woeing,  
And *Solomon*'s foolishly merry.

Little *Maximum* scarcely can stretch five feet high;

*Clement* flew in a passion with *Mercy*—  
Because she, for fun, had just poked out his eye,—

And how sadly will *Agatha* curse ye.  
Of a rapid consumption poor *Boniface* dies,  
To plunder you *Justice* is willing,  
Miss *Prudence* with any mad project complies,  
And I wouldn't trust *Faith* with a shilling.  
Then some are call'd after those men of renown,

Whose names are recorded in story;  
Thus the muses disdain my friend *Horace* to own,

And *Augustus* is careless of glory.  
Old stammering *Tully* now drives the Bath mail,

All his eloquence lies in his whip-thong;  
At the sight of a sword *Alexander* grows pale,  
*Quintilian* ne'er heard of a diphthong.

Now I hope that to those who have read through my rhyme,

It will not be a subject for quarrel,  
If I turn to some practical service their time,  
And end with a bit of a moral.

Since names cannot give the good things they imply,

Nor exalt the chance-bearer to fame,  
By virtue the name to adorn we should try,  
And not look for renown to the name.

H. N. H.

### THE DRAMA,

#### AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Since the time that the King of Poland spent a couple of millions of money in entertaining the Empress Catherine of Russia three days, there has not been so great a sacrifice made to gratify one or more individuals, as Mr. Junius Brutus Booth has made in crossing the Atlantic, for the purpose, as the play-bills assure us, of performing for 'three nights,' only at this house, which, admitting he has the highest salary given by the theatre, will produce him twenty pounds, being a fraction of a farthing per mile for his travelling expenses. Mr. Booth is a copy, both in the defects of acting and of person of Mr. Kean; his voice is more hoarse, and he has but snatches of the spirit of the original, whom he copies very closely in his faults, but never reaches his best points, and when he attempts to be original, he is least of all successful. America has certainly not improved him, nor did it ever improve any one; indeed the houses being even larger than those in London, it requires the utmost straining of the voice to become audible.

Mr. Booth made his first appearance on Saturday, in the character of Brutus, in the play of that name; his performance was tolerably correct, and reminded us of Kean, but only as the shadow reminds us of the substance; there were occasional passages well given, and the performance was altogether above mediocrity.

On Thursday night, he appeared in the character of Richard the Third; in the first three acts he was tame, but in the last two he became more animated; the last scene was good, and the combat with Richmond very well managed.

The spectacle of *Valentine and Orson*, with much new and well painted scenery, has been revived at this theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—Mr. Warde, who has failed to make an impression in any one character, though he has attempted several, is gradually sinking into that numerous but respectable class—the useful actors.—Since our last, he has performed *Rob Roy*, in the play of that name, and *Old Foster*, in the comedy of *A Woman never Vext*; the former was a staid and formal, and the latter an uproarious performance; in *Rob Roy*,



his rebuke to the menace of Rashleigh Osbaldiston, his directions respecting his children, and the scene of his capture, were the best parts of his performance.

Miss Lacey appeared, for the first time, as Helen Macgregor, and though her person appeared somewhat too delicate for the consort of the Macgregor, yet she displayed a mighty soul. Rayner converted Dougal into a Yorkshire clown. Farren's Nicol Jarvie was better than usual.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—This theatre, which has undergone some judicious and tasteful embellishments, was opened on Monday, under the management of Mr. Terry and Mr. Yates, with a strong company, very successfully.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

**MR. GRAY**, author of the Supplement to the Pharmacopœia, &c., has in the press a work on the chemical arts and manufactures of Great Britain, similar to Nicholson's work on the mechanical arts.

**Mr. Henry Dawe**, the engraver, has in hand a half-length portrait of Dr. George Birkbeck, from a painting by Mr. S. Lane.

**Arctic Land Expedition.**—The latest intelligence from our enterprising countrymen is derived from a letter written by Dr. Richardson, the associate of Captain Franklin, and dated Penetanguishen, on the Lake Huron (the most advanced naval station on the lakes), April 22, 1825. In this letter the doctor says:—

‘Our Canadian voyageurs have arrived from Montreal, and we start to-morrow in two large canoes, and thirty-two of the party, for Sault St. Marie and Fort William, on Lake Superior.—From the latter place, we proceed in four north canoes to Lac la Pluie. Lac des Bois, &c. to Lake Winnipeg, Saskatchewan river, Beaver Lake, Frog Portage, English river, &c. to Methye Portage, and the Athabasca country. On the Methye Portage, or at the farthest at Chepewyan, we expect to overtake the boats that left England last summer, when a part of our Canadian voyageurs will be discharged. The whole party are at present in good health and spirits. The earliness of the season is very favourable.’

**The Comet.**—The Comet has passed from the constellation Taurus, in a south-eastern direction, nearly 40 degrees since the 22d of September, and is now travelling over the southern part of Cetus. Since the famous comet of 1811, we have not had one which has shone so bright, for a continuance, as our present visitor. On the 8th of October it formed a nearly equilateral triangle with Aldebaran, and the two stars in the head of Aries. A line drawn through Capella, the Pleiades and Menkir, pointed to it; and it was the same distance from the latter as Capella is from the Pleiades, or the Pleiades from Menkir. It has now 17 degrees right ascension, and 29 degrees south declination, and travels over 4 degrees in 24 hours. On a clear night it is visible at 10 o'clock,

and passes over the meridian rather before 11 o'clock. The tail is long and narrow, and varies from 10 to 20 degrees in length, according to the clearness of the atmosphere.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock	1 o'clock	11 o'clock	Baron	1 o'clock	Weather.
Oct. 7	60	60	45	29 80		Cloudy.
.... 8	51	63	59	30 01		Fair.
.... 9	57	60	58	.. 05		Do.
.... 10	58	65	57	.. 35		Cloudy.
.... 11	57	64	54	.. 39		Fair.
.... 12	55	65	57	.. 13		Do.
.... 13	66	64	56	.. 23		Do.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Oxford correspondent shall hear from us in a day or two.

Stanzas, by J. M. L., in our next.

**Works just published.**—Forsyth's Antiquaries Portfolio, &c. two vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Homer's Greek Grammar, 4s.—Roscoe's Law of Actions relating to Real Property, two vols. royal 8vo. 12 15s. 6d.—Hands on Fines and Recoveries, 12s.—Gwilt's Architecture of Vitruvius, imperial 8vo. 12 16s.—Platt's English Synonyms, 5s.—Elegant Letter Writer, 3s.—Williams's Abstract of Acts, 6th Geo. IV. 8vo. 14s.—Hulbert's Museum Europæum, 12mo. 7s.—Milton's Paradise Lost, illustrated by Martin, Part VI. 10s. 6d.

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